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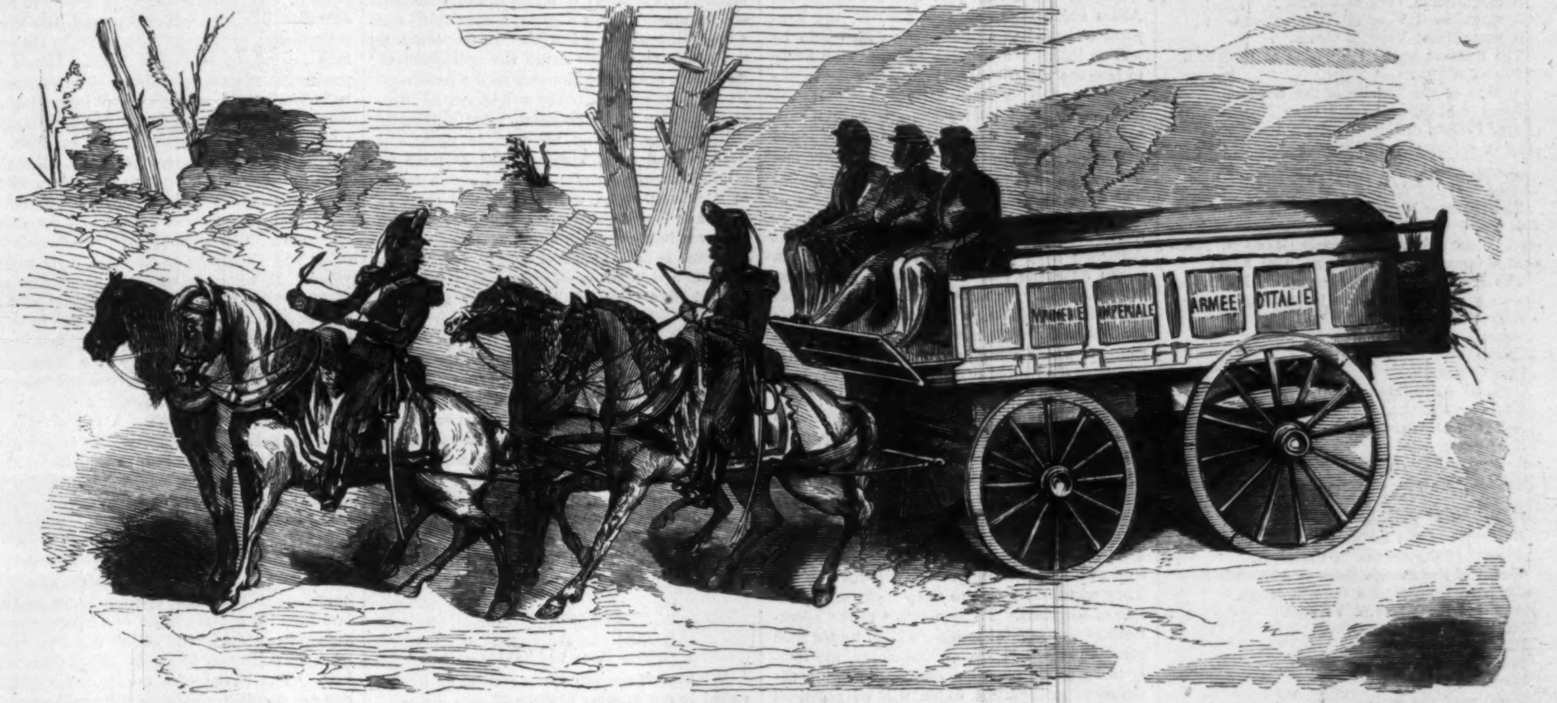


THE IMPERIAL ARMY PRINTING-PRESS.

THE ARMY PRINTING-PRESS.

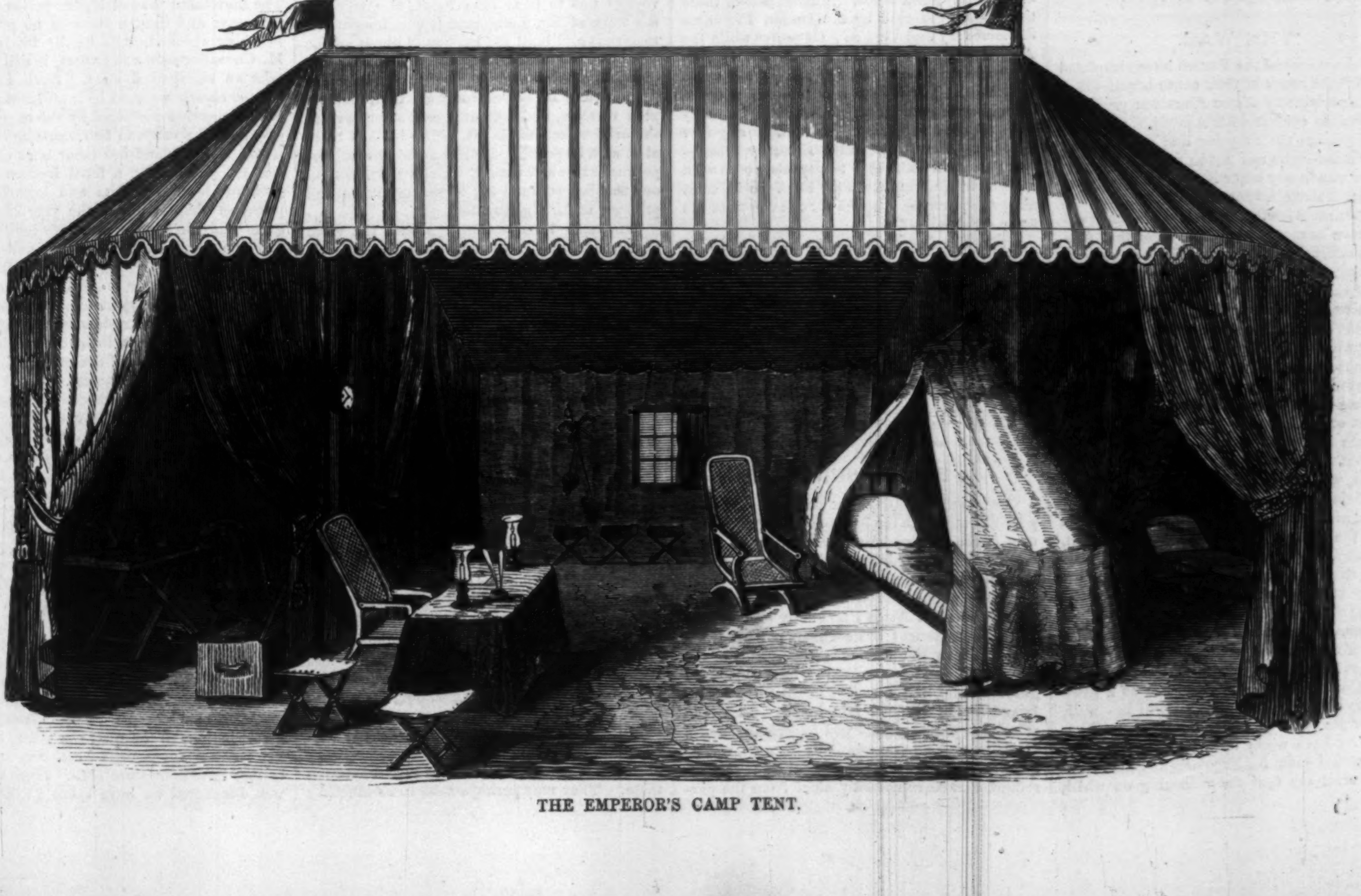
THE engraving we give herewith represents the printing-press which accompanies the French army in Italy, and which prints the orders of the day, proclamations, bulletins, etc., etc.

It is, as the engraving shows, a large cart, solidly built, and drawn by four horses. When there is nothing to print the press is covered, and can not be seen. When "copy" comes the covers are raised, each man springs to his case, and sets type whether the cart be in motion or stationary. The cart contains an ample supply of paper, ink, type, composing-sticks, rollers, and a small hand-press, on which the orders of the day, etc., are worked off. The staff of this itinerant press consists of a foreman and two printers, who are armed, and able, in case of need, to defend their types against an enemy.

THE EMPEROR'S CAMP TENT.

WE engrave herewith the camp tent of the Emperor Napoleon. A correspondent of the *Times*, who saw it before it left Paris, thus described it:

"The camp tent of the Emperor Napoleon, which preceded him to Italy, was made by Alexis Godilot, and is in white and blue striped tent-cloth, doubled. Its height is about fifteen feet. The interior is divided into three compartments—a saloon, bedroom, and dressing-room. Doors in the cloth permit a passage from one room to the other, and windows are pierced for ventilation. An iron bed, folding seats, and three small tables—one for the toilet—compose the furniture for the Imperial residence. The tent is remarkable for its perfect finish, the facility with which it can be put up and taken down, and its general adaptation to the purpose for which it was destined. It was made five years ago, for the war in the Crimea, and started on its journey as far as Marseilles, but the Emperor changed his mind then, and the tent has lain ever since in the flag-room of the Tuileries. But what is curious, the iron bed now in this tent, the toilet furniture, and the table service in silver belonged to the first Emperor, and accompanied him in nearly all his campaigns; and as these cam-



THE EMPEROR'S CAMP TENT.

paigns were so many victories, Louis Napoleon is going to throw himself upon the destiny of these victorious wash-basins and sauce-pans. He hopes, on the fields of Marengo and Lodi, to sleep upon, and draw inspiration from, the same bed on which dreamed and schemed his great uncle, and on which he planned the great battles that have made the name of Bonaparte so illustrious. As a superstition there are more absurd ones than this of Louis Napoleon!"

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Proprietors of Harper's Weekly beg to draw public attention to the following list of War Illustrations which, among others, have been published in this Journal within a few weeks:

PLACES.

A magnificent View of Milan and Vicinity.
A magnificent View of Genoa.
A magnificent View of Turin.
A magnificent View of Alessandria.
A magnificent View of Como.
The Bridge across the Ticino at Buffalora.
Place d'Armes at Milan.
A Map of the Theatre of the War.
Another Map, containing more Names, and a clearer Picture of Northern Italy than any other Map in existence [*will appear next Week*].

PORTRAITS.

The Emperor Napoleon III. and his Generals—to wit, Prince Napoleon, Baraguay d'Hilliers, MacMahon, Canrobert, Randon, Magnan, Castellane, Malakoff, and Niel.
The Emperor Francis-Joseph and his Generals—to wit, Generals Hess, Benedek, etc., etc.
King Victor Emanuel.
General Gyulai.
Garibaldi.
Count Cavour.
Cardinal Antonelli.
King of Naples.
A Tyrolese Rifleman.
A Zouave.
A Turco.

WAR SCENES.

Departure of Volunteers from Leghorn.
Departure of the Zouaves from Paris.
Arrival of the French in Piedmont.
March of the French through Alessandria.
Austrian Officers at a Café in Milan.
Austrian Exactions at Vercelli.
Sardinians in Uniform.
Skirmish at Frassinetto.
Spies caught at Alessandria.
Battle of Montebello.
Passage of the Sesia.
The Emperor visiting the Wounded.
The Imperial Tent, etc.

Summer Resorts.

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Tourette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
Charles Island House, Milford, Conn.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 2, 1859.

THE WAR.

The successes of the French have completed what the merit of their cause began—they enjoy the sympathy of the American people in their present contest with Austria. The English disparage the Emperor and malign him; the Germans—who can not be persuaded to regard the war in any other light than as another of the great struggles between the Teutonic and the Gallic races—will not believe that any victories have been won by Napoleon, or that Austria has suffered any reverses. Both these races have their organs and their champions among us; but their success thus far in winning public opinion over to their side has not been encouraging. Nine men out of every ten in this country wish well to France and Sardinia, simply because they believe that the Italians are fighting for their independence, and that France is helping them without any ulterior views of conquest or profit.

We see in the papers a good deal of discussion about the probable issue of the war. Some journals, whose principal aim is to be eccentric and singular, have taken up the cudgels for Austria, and give us to understand that, even though the French should take Milan (which, by-the-way, they have done by this time), they will be as far as ever from their main object; that the Austrians will fall back upon their tremendous fortresses, Brescia, Mantua, Peschiera, Verona, etc., and will defy the enemy under shelter of works more formidable than Sebastopol; that if Napoleon touches Trieste, the Germanic Confederation will regard it as a *casus belli;* and that the end of it all will be—well, these critics don't precisely say what, but it is clear they have made up their minds to some very terrible doom for Napoleon and his men.

We must say that the reasoning on which these vaticinations rest does not seem very convincing. In the year 1848 the Sardinians invaded Lombardy, and it took the whole force of Austria, headed by Radetsky—an abler general, seemingly, than any of his successors—a year to drive them out. More than once, on that occasion, the terrible fortresses, which are regarded as impregnable, were nearly taken by a handful of Sardinians, aided by the peasantry of the neighborhood. It is true that the Austrian army in Lombardy is larger than it was then, and the fortresses have also been strengthened; but this increase of Austrian strength is far more than counterbalanced by the accession of the French to the Italian cause. If the little army of Sardinia, with what raw levies could be collected in the Milanese, was able, in 1848, to hold its own against Austria for a year, what will the same men not achieve now when they have as allies 200,000 Frenchmen, the best soldiers in the world, admirably disciplined and equipped, and commanded by men trained to assault Malakoffs and storm Redans?

During the siege of Sebastopol, at the time when the world began to doubt whether the Allies could ever take that fortress, the Emperor observed to an American with whom he was on intimate terms that he was in no hurry to take the place—he was inflicting quite injury enough on the Russians by putting them to the expense and trouble of carting troops and supplies hundreds of miles over barren steppes to defend it, and wearing them out, bodily and financially, by the siege. And the result proved he was right.

The same plan will achieve the same results now. If the French and Italians drive the Austrians to cover in their great fortresses, patience and time will do the rest. The fall of Milan, and the occupation of Southern Lombardy by the French, will of course decide the few Italians who are now faltering. The whole country, which contains nearly as many white people as the United States, will spring to arms. The Austrians in their fortresses will require armies without number to procure supplies, to defend commissariat trains, and to keep open their communications with Germany. Every human hand out of Germany will be against them; they will have to guard against every possible stratagem and insidious device by which a guerrilla soldiery can worry a regular army. They will not be able to procure a bushel of corn or a barrel of gunpowder without a battle. They will not be able to sleep night or day for fear of surprises. Independently of the operations of the regular armies, which, under such commanders as M'Mahon and Forey, are likely to be pretty vigorous, one can imagine the thousand annoyances which will be practiced by such chiefs as Garibaldi at the head of men among whom hatred of Austria is a religion, and the murder of the oppressor a duty.

If the Austrians can endure all this, they will then have the financial difficulty to overcome. Every one knows that the late attempt of Austria to borrow the petty sum of thirty millions of dollars was a total failure. Gold she can not get on any terms. The troops are now paid for in irredeemable paper-money. At Vienna, even now, coin is rarely seen; purchases are made with paper-money which, even at this stage of the war, is steadily depreciating. The annual Austrian budget in time of peace shows a large deficit, which has latterly been met by extra taxes. A large part of these taxes has been paid by the Italian Provinces of Lombardy and Venice. Of course while the Austrians are shut up in their fortresses they can collect no taxes, even if the people could pay them. Nor is it fair to presume that the commerce of Austria proper, which has already been crippled by the war, can endure any new burdens. How long can the Emperor Francis-Joseph expect to be able to pay his troops with shinplasters, which will soon be of no value at all, or to purchase supplies for the war with the same commodity?

From the day when the Austrians retire to their fortresses we shall expect to hear of the abandonment of active field movements by the French. It will then be the policy of the Emperor Napoleon to let Austria "bleed to death"—just sanctioning assaults here and there to keep his men in good humor, and giving full scope to the enterprises of the Italian guerrillas. A few months of such a régime would probably achieve every purpose he desires.

A POLICE SUNBEAM.

Governmental daylight may be said to appear this month to the Metropolitan Police District, with corresponding dissolution of those constitutional clouds and political mists which so long, in popular estimation, have lowered upon the police station-houses of New York. This month Mr. Amos Pillsbury (Ex-warden of the Connecticut State Prison; Ex-warden of the Albany Penitentiary; Ex-warden of the emigration buildings at Ward's Island) is inaugurated chief of the police forces from Staten Island to the Hudson Highlands. As a man of mature years, of enlarged experience, and a disciplinarian among criminals for a quarter of a century, of undaunted physical courage, self-reliant, and so confessedly aloof from the partisan contentions of the day that three parties confidently claim him as of their faith—*Harper's Weekly*, in behalf of townsmen and country cousins, offers him a greeting, and the hope that, under his administration, it may as often find occasion to praise the Metropolitan Police system as hitherto it has been compelled to severely criticise it.

The accession last month of Isaac H. Bailey (our neighbor-merchant in Gold Street) and of the veteran municipalist, ex-Judge Ulshoeffer, to the legislative and judicial Board of Police, was understood to mean a downfall of the seven-headed government which, on the accession of Draper & Co., usurped the Executive functions. In his letter of acceptance General Pillsbury distinctly claims to hold his Executive duties unfettered. And the wisest move the Board could make would be to make him, by courtesy, a consulting member, present at all their deliberations, profiting by his experience and suggestions in *their* peculiar functions of appointment and judicial supervision. He will be a general at the head of an insufficient brigade. The army of crime in every metropolis possesses a *corps d'esprit*, a unanimity, and a discipline which is fearful. In proportion to the numbers of this army the policemen of New York are as the Zouaves to the Austrians. Nor can the police force be well increased without entailing great taxation. But if General Pillsbury, by making his men, in name and deed as well as in numbers, the Zouaves for crime, he will vindicate the Wellington motto of "A small force, well drilled, will meet an immense force of stragglers, unskilled." Villains are best cut off in detail. And the present force is full enough of drones, political favorites, and men sent upon the mysterious "ward duty" (that is but another name for "loafing"), to bear a vigorous court-martialing.

Let the new Chief receive intelligent support, and we believe that he may rule as despotically over, and with the police forces, as he pleases for popular satisfaction. Our citizens will hail even the *Fouché* system, if it secures to them the confidence of a substantial protection over life and property, and an assurance to provincial neighbors of security in their visits of business or pleasure.

By all means throw open Metropolitan shutters to admit the police sunbeam now possibly about to bring the proper cheerfulness and warmth to the City Government.

AERIAL VOYAGERS.

We owe an apology to our readers for having stated in our number of June 18 that the aeronauts Wise, Lamountain, and Gager would sail in their balloon from St. Louis on or about 22d June. We were informed that they would do so by Messrs. Wise and Gager; but circumstances, to which balloonists, like other people, are subject, have prevented the fulfillment of their intention. It is now proposed to make the voyage from St. Louis to New York on or about 4th July.

In the mean time, we owe it to Mr. John Lamountain, of Troy, to say that, in the notice we gave of the present condition and prospects of the science of aeronautics, we did not allot to that gentleman the credit he deserves. The balloon "Atlantic," in which the St. Louis voyage was to have been made, is altogether the work of Mr. Lamountain, who bought the materials and built the balloon, without advice or instructions from any one. It was he who planned the voyage from St. Louis; other persons are now in association with him; but the plan was his, and whatever credit attaches to the original scheme is his. The balloon boat, also, with its peculiar fan-like apparatus for propelling it through the air, which we depicted in our number of June 18, is the invention and property of Mr. Lamountain.

We make these statements with the more pleasure because none have more sincerely regretted the secondary place apparently assigned to Mr. Lamountain in our sketch than his associates Messrs. Wise and Gager, the latter of whom writes us as follows:

> "*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.*
>
> "In reading your article in connection with the 'Atlantic Balloon,' I notice you make me the inventor of the 'boat and power attached.' Such credit justly belongs to Mr. John Lamountain. We had combined our ideas; but he has planned, directed, and built the aerial ship, which we hope soon will prove to us all we might anticipate. Too much credit can not be awarded to Mr. Lamountain for the energy and untiring perseverance he has devoted to bring about the completion of the enterprise. By correcting the item as within in reference to myself you will confer a favor, as well as award merit where it is justly due. Truly yours,
>
> "O. A. Gager.
>
> "P.S.—The balloon leaves here for St. Louis to-morrow; every thing is completed and arranged, and we hope to make the proposed voyage early in the coming week."

We are only expressing the universal sentiment of all who take an interest in the important subject of aerial navigation when we add that we hope to see Messrs. Wise and Lamountain co-operate heartily in advancing the science of which they are the most prominent champions in the United States. We do not presume to advise these gentlemen upon the nature of the co-operation which should exist between them. They may perhaps achieve as much by operating separately as by working in concert. But it would be a disappointment to all who believe in them, and in the science to which they have devoted their energies, if any thing diverted their attention from the main point which both have in view—namely, the development and advancement of the business of air sailing.

MARKET VALUE OF MONEY.

An ingenious Frenchman, M. Michel Chevalier, has written a book, which Mr. Richard Cobden, the British member of Parliament, has translated into English, to prove that gold is going to fall fifty per cent. in value.

M. Chevalier's argument is very simple. Within the past ten years, he says, the amount of gold existing in the world has nearly doubled, and the production is steadily increasing. If the like had happened to corn, cotton, or any other article of merchandise, the market value thereof would unquestionably have fallen at least fifty per cent. But, in an economical point of view, gold is simply an article of merchandise, like corn and cotton, and, like them, is regulated, as to its current value, by the common law of supply and demand. Hence the production of gold in California and Australia, by increasing the supply without increasing the demand, must cause a diminution in the market value of gold proportioned to that increase.

Starting with this syllogism, M. Chevalier goes on to show how people at large, and the ordinary transactions of life, will be affected by the fall in the value of gold, which he deems inevitable. On ordinary articles of trade the effect will simply be to increase their market value. If, when the world's coinage consisted of $2,000,000,000 in gold, the barrel of flour was worth, on the average, $5, it will be worth an average of $10 when the world's coinage amounts to $4,000,000,000. So of land, labor, and all the products of agriculture and industry. On funded debts and all existing obligations the result would be different. A fall of fifty per cent. in gold would, practically, reduce their value fifty per cent. For, as gold is in every commercial country a legal tender, and as the amount of all obligations is expressed in gold, if gold falls one-half in value the debtor will get the benefit of the fall, and will be able to discharge his obligations by paying one-half what he agreed to pay. The holder of a State bond for $1000 can only claim so many gold dollars from his debtor; when one hundred eagles are tendered him he can ask no more, no matter what the coins may be worth. So of other creditors. The holder of a mortgage for $10,000 can not object to receiving 1000 gold eagles in payment, though they may only procure one-half as much land, or bread, or dry goods, or labor, as they used to command. He can not ask more than the sum specified in his bond in the gold coinage of his country.

This is M. Chevalier's argument, and it is well worthy of consideration by that large class of persons who are living on fixed incomes derived from bonds, public or private.

It may perhaps be questioned whether the fall in gold on which he speculates is going to occur as suddenly as he imagines. Ever since the discovery of gold in California there has been a steady advance in the price of all kinds of produce, merchandise, property, and labor. The movement toward higher prices is still in progress; and though there is no prospect of its being checked, it is hardly likely that, as M. Chevalier seems to expect, it will suddenly take an unexpected start. Such movements are too closely watched by intelligent men, and too constantly anticipated by the eager spirit of commercial rivalry, to be spasmodic or convulsive. Neither land nor labor is as cheap as it was ten years ago; a fixed income of $5000 procures fewer comforts and luxuries for its possessor than it did in the year 1849. It is quite likely that in the year 1869 land and labor will be dearer than they are now, and that fixed incomes of $5000 will procure even fewer comforts than they now do. But the change is more likely to be gradual and imperceptible than sudden and overwhelming.

M. Chevalier says little or nothing in his book about the effect of the increased supply of gold on the rates of interest. Yet it is probable that they will be affected by the change. If you increase the amount of capital seeking investment without increasing investments in the same degree, you must diminish the earnings of that capital—interest. For interest is regulated by the demand for money for investment and its supply. One of two things, therefore—either commercial and industrial enterprises are going to increase at such a ratio as to absorb the increased capital and to prevent it telling on the money market, or they are not going to increase in that ratio, and in that case the rates of interest must fall. In Europe the supply of money has increased as rapidly as investments, and rates of interest have been kept down. In the United States investments have multiplied more rapidly than capital, and rates of interest have been kept up. It is questionable whether, in the next ten years, American investments are going to continue to increase as they have done since 1849. Since California was discovered we have spent $1,000,000,000 in railways alone; this source of expenditure is not likely to absorb much capital during the next decade. If no other class of enterprises take their place the rate of interest must fall.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHICAGO ART EXPOSITION.

CHICAGO, *June* 8, 1859.

THERE was opened in this city on the 9th ult. an Art Exposition, consisting of about five hundred paintings, engravings, statues, busts, and bronzes, under the auspices of thirteen prominent gentlemen, with Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Graham, U.S.A., as chairman. The object of the Exposition is to obtain funds to be appropriated to the furtherance of the interests of Art in Chicago, as the contributors to the collection may hereafter determine.

The Exposition, which consists entirely of works owned by residents of this city, includes a Corregio, Salvator Rosa, Titian, two works by Tenierr, and several other undoubted originals by old masters, of whom it has been said,

> "Each change of many-colored life they drew,
> Exhausted worlds and then imagined new;
> Existence saw them spurn her bounded reign,
> And panting Time toiled after them in vain."

Of the British School, a Reynolds, Wilkie, Wilson, Haydon, Herring, and Cooper, are the most noticeable, and we find several works by some of the cleverest of the Dusseldorf School of Art. Nearly all of the best known of our American artists are well represented: Church, Chapman, and Cropsey; Durand, Gignoux, and Healy—now a resident of Chicago; Kensett, Leutze, Rossiter, and a host of other deservedly popular home artists, whose names their country

"Will not willingly let die."

Among the statuary is a beautiful figure, the size of life, of "Pocahontas," by Mozier; "Truth," by the same sculptor; a life-size statue of Stephen A. Douglas, cut from a block of Rutland County marble, the birth-place of the Senator, by his nephew, Leonard W. Volk, of Chicago; a statue of a Boy, and another of the youthful Washington, by the same artist; together with various busts, bronzes, and vases, mostly purchased by their owners in Europe.

The Exposition contains quite a number of rare engravings, by Raphael Maghen and other eminent artists, together with about fifty proofs of Rosa Bonheur's, Ary Scheffer's, Herring's, and Landseer's most popular paintings.

When your readers remember that, less than half a century ago, the prairie on which Chicago now stands was the hunting ground of the red man—that during but a handful of years a community who have hitherto rested under the reproach of being entirely given up to an insatiable passion for the accumulation of wealth, and exhibiting an utter neglect of those professions whose object is simply to elevate the mind, refine the passions, and impart an elegance to life—they can not but be filled with astonishment to think that such a community should have gathered together a large collection of art treasures in so short a time.

That our gallery contains much that is poor, and much that is indifferent, can not but be admitted; nor can it be denied that it contains many meritorious works, and that in its *tout ensemble* gives evidence of the warm interest taken in Art by the citizens of the parvenu city of Chicago.

J. G. W.

THE UPPER-AIR CURRENT.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

IN your last week's number you ascribe the theory of the upper current to Professor Henry.

Professor (or Lieutenant) Maury speaks of a southwesterly current, which must flow from the southern hemisphere—*i.e.*, the southeast trades—passing over the northeast, and descending at their northern boundary. This must be above the local currents, and would be lower where these latter do not prevail; namely, on the eastern side of the Atlantic.

I shall, however, if I continue, make an essay of this note. I therefore remain, etc.,

A SCIOLIST.

THE LOUNGER.

"LITTLE FLOWER."

LITTLE FLOWER, finding teaching profitless, wishes to try literature, but does not wish to fail. Little Flower, all that the Lounger would say to you privately he will say publicly—and that is, don't leave your teaching until you have made sure of permanent literary employment; and you will probably find that as hard drudgery as teaching. Whoever adopts literature as a profession must work in it, as in all other professions. If you have really something to say, and can say it in a way to command attention and interest, you will have written a good and successful book. It does not follow that you will make money by it—because literary success is not measured in that way. Buckle's History is a successful book, but he will never receive a tithe of what it cost him. Many a reputation is made by books that merely pay for the printing. Many a fortune is made by books that are never heard of—such as school-books, which are known only to teachers, school committees, and dear, drudging scholars—people who do not make fame.

If you have written a book send it to a publisher. There is no respectable publishing house that does not carefully examine all MSS. intrusted to it; and there is no self-respecting author who ever urges a house to publish a book he does not think promising merely because the writer is a personal friend. A man who does that is a swindler conspiring with another to fleece a third.

Nobody can foretell literary success. Smollett called literature a lottery. It often seems to be so. Congreve was prosperous; Goldsmith was poor. Congreve pursued literature because his plays gave him both money and glory; for Lord Halifax rewarded him for his play of "The Old Bachelor," which was written when he was about seventeen, by making him licenser of coaches. Dryden licked the dirt before him; and Pope dedicated to him his translation of the Iliad. Goldsmith followed literature because he could not live by his profession of medicine, or his other profession of spending money and playing the flute. But he got very wretched dinners all his life, and died in miserable lodgings. But old widow women wept at the door of his room when it was all over. The great Congreve, blazing with success, leaving the poor Bracegirdle and coddled by the Duchess of Marlborough—gouty, blind, diseased all over—was laid away in the earth, and men are rapidly forgetting him, while women will never forgive him.

You may deserve success, Little Flower, you can not command it; as Joseph Addison said. Joseph Addison, successful in every thing—even in marrying the Countess Dowager of Warwick!

ABOUT WOMEN.

WHILE Victoria is Queen of England, and Eugénie Empress of France, and Florence Nightingale is honored in all the world for her active organization and management of the military hospitals, and while in every great sphere of human activity so many of the illustrious names are women's names, it is interesting to mark the constant progress of all efforts to open to women every department in which they have the talent to excel.

In Boston the Female Medical College is successfully continued under the auspices of Maria Zakyewska, a lady whose intelligence and practical skill had already secured her a rapidly increasing number of friends in New York.

In Philadelphia the Female Medical College, having outlived nine years of opposition and struggle, breathes freely, and had thirty-six scholars during the session of 1858-'59. Every department of study is opened to the scholars, and the expense is not great.

In New York the hospital under the management of the Misses Blackwell has proved the possibility of the best treatment of women's diseases by medical women; and the School of Design for Women, which was started seven years ago by Miss Hamilton, who is now the Mount Vernon Vice-Regent for New York, and which has been supported by voluntary contributions, and administered with success, has now been adopted by the trustees of the Cooper Institute, who will allow a sufficient sum every year for the support of teachers. The attendance of pupils during the last year has been double that of any former year.

All these movements are simply giving a fair chance to women. If they can not draw as well, or as cheaply, or altogether as desirably as men, they will find no employment in that direction, and will obey the laws that govern all industry. So if they can not manage disease, especially the diseases of women, as skillfully, as quietly, and agreeably as men, men will be preferred in the sick-room.

Not even the most exquisite humorist who makes merry over the crowing of hens can object to so candid and simple an experiment as is being tried in all these cities.

WHETHER TO GO TO EUROPE.

GADZOOKS, the lawyer of Nassau Street, had intended to devote his summer vacation to a run through Europe. He wanted to have a glimpse of London in the season—drop in at St. Stephens', hear Derby, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Bright—see the flower-show at Chiswick, scamper along the lakes and the Highlands, "Oh thou Helvellyn!" etc.—then a look at Paris, the Boulevards, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Opera, the etc., etc. —whisk then to the Rhine and "hands that offer early flowers," Bingen, Drachenfels, St. Goar —so on to Switzerland over the river plains on the skirt of the Black Forest, stopping a night at Baden-Baden, and losing a score of Napoleons—then to Basle, the Jura—Berne, the Oberland—over the Lake of Luzern—up the Grand St. Gotthard down to Lago Maggiore—a glide over Como—a dash at Milan Cathedral—a dream at Venice—*Roma! Roma! non si puo vedervi!*—over the Styrian Alps—Vienna—helter-skelter through Dresden and Berlin to London and Liverpool, and so home in September to please your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury.

But as the moment comes Gadzooks, like a lawyer, takes advice before he takes his passage.

Will the war be localized in Italy, or will the whole Continent heave with it? If a man can't go to Italy, is it worth while to see Europe until he can? Even if the war is confined to the Peninsula, will not the general anxiety upon the Continent destroy a great deal of pleasure in the lands he may see? In any case, is not the uncertainty so great that, if he means to go but once, he had better wait until something is decided more definitely in Italy—and if he does wait, will it not be too late to go?

Gadzooks is in a deplorable state of uncertainty. He has closed the green bag, and he hesitates to open the traveling-bag.

But let him open it—let him fill it with clean shirts, and then—go to Quebec.

For the war can not last very long. There will be some kind of tranquillity in Europe before many months. Next summer, doubtless, he can start betimes and see Como, Milan Cathedral, the vineyards of Lombardy, and Venice. What will pay him for the loss of these? Does he wish to see Paris with the Emperor and the army away, and a cloud of doubt resting upon the roofs of the Tuileries? Does he wish to see the Rhine expecting a French invasion? or Vienna apprehending a siege?

Let him allow a year to the chances of peace. Better float down the starry St. Lawrence and think of Wolfe this year than lose the chance of seeing Italy next year. For even could he securely reach the inner valleys of Switzerland, and look up to awful mountain-passes, the thought of the lovely land beyond—most poetic and historic of all—which he could not see, would seem to him so alluring that the disappointment of what he lost would seriously destroy his enjoyment of what he saw.

England, France, Switzerland, and most of Germany are now open to Gadzooks, with the drawback only of painful excitment on the part of the population, and the absence of Napoleon and the army from Paris. But no one can tell how the face of the Continent may be changed.

Gadzooks had better wait.

HUMBOLDT'S FORTUNE.

ONE of the pleasant facts in the career of Humboldt is that he was not rich. Generally that is not a pleasant fact, especially when contemplated by the individual himself. But the scholar's devotion to science was absolute. He had sufficient food and comfortable shelter always secured to him. Scientific treatises, books of all kinds, were constantly sent to him, and in that way his library was incessantly increasing. He had a bed in the Potsdam royal villa, he had a plate at the royal table, and, as Professor Lieber tells us, in his interesting personal reminiscences of Humboldt, he conversed every evening for a couple of hours with the royal family.

He was born with a fortune left him by his father of about fifty thousand dollars. Before he was forty he had spent it all in travel and scientific research. Then a small pension of about a thousand dollars was given him by the Government, and upon this and the profits of his works he lived. When he died he left three hundred dollars and a library. He bequeathed every thing to Konrad Seiffert, his old and faithful servant. Our Minister in Berlin, Mr. Wright, has offered Seiffert sixty thousand thalers—about forty-seven thousand dollars—for the library, which is one of the most complete of scientific collections.

Should Mr. Wright secure it, he will have added another to the list of his real services to his country during his term in an office which is usually of very little service to any body. The chief of all his services, and one for which alone it would be worth while for us to maintain a corps of foreign ministers, is his showing himself every where and under all circumstances a genuine American.

A NOBLE LORD APPEARS FOR THE LOUNGER.

EVERY body likes to prove that he spoke the truth when he ventured a speculative assertion. Even we gentlemen of the press, who are well known to have fewer failings than any other class of mortals, who always foresee and foretell every-thing that happens, are not superior to this pleasure.

For example. When the war began, the Lounger said that England had been outwitted, meaning, of course, the English Government. Thereupon came this note:

"Will the stupid Yankees never have done insulting England? What mean-spirited cur, who doesn't dare to sign his name to his silly twaddle, dares to talk about outwitting England? If you can only talk lies or insults you'd better shut up."

Anonymous, of course; and not of the slightest importance in itself. But as others may have decently thought what was here indecently expressed, it is agreeable to quote the following from Lord Palmerston's speech upon the motion of want of confidence. The noble Lord, with or without a sprig of rosemary in his mouth, said of the Government:

"It is plain that they were ignorant of the state of affairs—that they were uninformed as to what was going on—that they were under a delusion, and believed the danger of a war to be imminent on the part of France and Sardinia, and that there was no danger on the part of Austria. If they had known what was going on at Vienna, and the intentions of the Austrian Government, they would have held different language."

The House of Commons thought so too, and immediately gave the Government warning.

HINTS FOR SOMEBODY.

THE Lounger has received several notes of complaint, of which he submits the following to the consideration of all concerned:

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Although you have not the privilege of being a woman, I know that you have the warmest sympathy with the trials of the sex, and I therefore make my complaints to you, confident that they will secure the attention of those for whom they are designed. Like all other women, I do my shopping at Stewart's. It is the best place. It has the largest assortment of goods, and the prices are most reasonable. Mr. Dobley buys all his stockings and drawers there. Some ladies, I know, buy these things for their husbands. But I am sure I don't see why. Dobley never expects me to. He did at first. He has learned better now. However, this is not what I was going to say, although I have no reason to be unwilling that every body should know in what good order Dobley keeps his linen and hosiery, and that he has all the bother of buying them.

"What I took pen in hand to say, dear Mr. Lounger, is this: that several of Mr. Stewart's clerks are saucy and insolent. They treat me at some of the counters—and I shall not say which until I watch the effect of this note—as if they conferred an immense honor when they waited upon me and showed me the goods. One day in particular, last week, I was so impertinently treated that I was almost resolved to complain to Mr. Stewart, who, I know, would have dismissed my smart young gentleman upon the spot. But I was unwilling to speak while I felt so angry. I was afraid I might exaggerate, and that the dismissal of the young man might cause some dependent mother or sister to suffer.

"But won't you please to remind the clerks at Stewart's, and all other dry-goods stores, that their business is to show goods in a respectful way. That is what they are paid for doing. Selling dry goods is a reputable and necessary business. But it is the same thing at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, and at the corner of the Bowery and any other street. A young man needn't take airs because he sells a yard of muslin at Stewart's any more than if he were doing the same thing upon the Sixth Avenue.

"And he needn't be deceived by carriages. I have often seen a clerk very insolent with a lady who came on foot and plainly dressed, and obsequious as a lackey to another lady who came in shawls and silks in a carriage. The poor fellow did not know that the one whom he insulted was really a lady, and that the other, to whom he was so profoundly deferential, was—not a lady.

"In a great city these things will happen. So my young friends, the clerks, will, I hope, be upon their guard. Do they think sometimes what it is to be a gentleman? Do they know that one of the most prosperous and famous merchants of New York used to raise his hat to every one who did the same to him, saying that he hoped he was as much of a gentleman as the man who spoke to him? Do they reflect that the young man who bows low to Cashmere shawls and fine silks and carriages, and despises plain garments, is a flunky whose very soul wears a livery, and who is calf all over?

"I write these things to you frankly, because I am sure you will show them to the gentlemen I speak of, in your columns, and tell them that it is an exquisitely mean thing to insult women by an impertinence they do not dare to show to men. Dobley says he has no trouble. He says that stockings and cravats, etc., are shown to him with the utmost courtesy. He says he likes to go shopping.

"It is a sad thing—isn't it, dear Mr. Lounger? —when a man makes a woman wish she were a man also, that she might box his ears.

"If there is continued insolence you will hear farther, I have no doubt—unless Dobley should stop my writing to the newspapers—*and I should just like to see him try it*, that's all.

"From yours to command,

"NANCY DOBLEY."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—XYLONIA, Louisville, Kentucky, replies to the Lounger's remarks upon his previous letter by explaining what he means by saying that wives are property. He says: "Wives are such property that they are valued above self. Self-preservation is the first law of nature—*ergo*, the right to protect wives. But by this I mean *by no means* to intimate a right to abuse them. No, a husband has no more right to be false than a wife has."

Xylonia and the Lounger evidently have no quarrel.

—"The Tempest," by G. S. S., is respectfully declined.

—L. S. is afflicted by a friend. Not that the friend is not kind and generous and sympathetic, *but he is eternally asking questions*. He has an interrogation-point in each eye, like the Yankee Dickens met in the West. He squeezes L. S. with questions—he pinches him with them —he stabs him—he blinds him—he knocks him down—in fine, he does him up with questions. And L. S. wants to know what to do. There is but one thing. Give the doctor his own medicine. Ply him with his own pills. Ask questions back again eternally. It will have the most marvelous result.

—The Lounger has received the following highly flattering note. The reader, and perhaps upon reflection the writer, will discover one serious defect in it—namely, that the check is not to arrive until the appearance of the *last* of the notices. After referring to a certain enterprise he continues:

"I respectfully solicit the aid of your influential pen in favor of the enterprise which, as I have shown in the communication alluded to, if successfully carried out, may have results highly important to history, science, and art, as well as vastly beneficial to the pecuniary interests of those engaged in it; and I value your support so highly that I will pay you, individually, the sum of one thousand dollars for a four weeks' notice of the scheme in *Harper's Weekly*, said notice to consist of half a column on the Lounger's page, each week, in regard to it. The paragraphs to be plentifully interspersed with my name, if you please, and to be either *for* or *against* the scheme. Either will do, as my object is to bring it into notice. On receipt of the number of the *Weekly* containing the last of the notices, I will send you my check for the amount. If you accept my proposal, let your first notice appear without delay."

—N. W.'s story is—will she be surprised?—as sentimental as her Edward himself. If she will have the Lounger say just what he thinks, she will have him say that it does not seem to him very good or promising.

—SQUIB, New Orleans. The turning of the corners of a visiting card is a distinct science. Sometimes in Paris he may see a card with mystic letters printed upon every corner. They are to indicate the nature of the call. *P. f. v.* (*Pour faire visite*) is simply to make a call. *P. P. C.* (*Pour prendre congé*) is to take leave. There are others that signify a call of congratulation, etc. In this country to turn a card generally indicates that "all the ladies" were asked for. In France it means that the call was made in person.

—J. B. happily reminds us, while the war rages in Sardinia and Lombardy, of what Ruskin says in his "Political Economy of Art:"

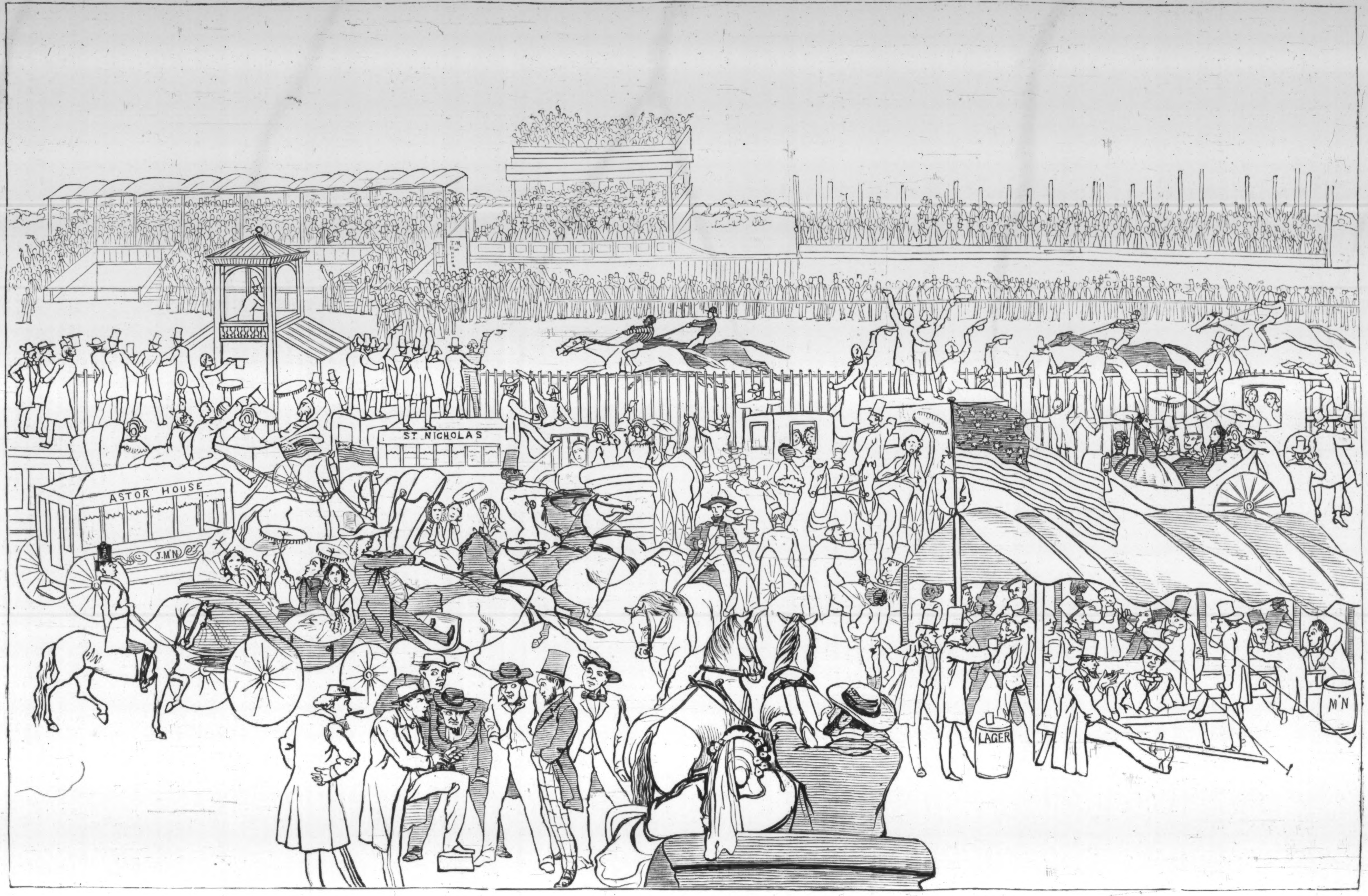
"For the last six or seven hundred years the world has so arranged its squabbles that no one of them could be fought out but in the midst of its most precious art."

Then follows that strikingly beautiful description of Verona and its surroundings, and that thrilling passage which only one who has seen and heard Ruskin can fully appreciate—

"And this is the city—such, and possessing such things as these—at whose gates the decisive battles of Italy are fought continually. Three days her towers trembled with the echo of the cannon of Arcola; heaped pebbles of the Mincio divide her fields to this hour with lines of broken rampart, whence the tide of war rolled back to Novara; and now on that crescent of her eastern cliffs, whence the full moon used to rise through the bars of the cypresses in her burning summer twilights, touching with soft increase of silver light the rosy marbles of her balconies, along the ridge of that encompassing rock, other circles are increasing now, white and pale; walled towers of cruel strength, sable-spotted with cannon courses. I tell you I have seen, when the thunder-clouds came down on those Italian hills, and all their crags were dipped in the dark, terrible purple, as if the wine-press of the wrath of God had stained their mountain-raiment—I have seen the hail fall in Italy till the forest branches stood stripped and bare as if blasted by the locust; but the white hail never fell from those clouds of Heaven, as the black hail will fall from the clouds of Hell if ever one breath of Italian life stirs again in the streets of Verona."

J. B. well asks, "Is it not pleasant to have prophecies couched in such pleasant language?"

—A FRIEND OF THE LOUNGER in Stockbridge, Wisconsin, asks a question which can hardly be properly answered or discussed in this column. If a Sickles tragedy ensues, there may be more to be said.


ASTOR HOUSE
J.M.N.
ST. NICHOLAS
LAGER
M.N.

THE FOUR MILE HEAT, ON ECLIPSE COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE RACE ON ECLIPSE COURSE.

[FROM OUR ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

I SEND you a perfect portrait of the Grand Stand on the Eclipse Course when "Tar River" won the great four-mile heats; if it wants the *abandon* and multitudinous excitement of the "Derby," it has a character of its own—a kind of busy tranquillity—which marks the Bourse as well as the Course.

If you are fortunate enough to be favored by a seat immediately behind the lady and gentleman who occupy the carriage in the centre, you might behold this exact scene without the slightest exaggeration. Immediately beneath you a poor victim has been plucked by a group of thimble-riggers. The manipulator places a cigar-box under his foot, and arranges the mystic thimbles on his horizontal leg; his accomplices, in the guise of impulsive by-standers, assist the knave in plucking his pigeon, while they keep a shrewd eye on a green new-comer, whom they will "clean out" in turn. Beyond this group, and in the act of stirring up a "four-in-hand"—with a "help" behind, on a long-tailed circus horse—is a millionaire, who knows "How(e)" to do it (the force of horse-power slightly disproportioned to the lightness of the lovely burden. The colored driver is but a slight commentary on our friend's superb "tooling." The opposite side of the picture contains the only tent in the inclosure, rudely and hastily constructed of flapping canvas and rough boards: around it are grouped the fastest and thirstiest men on the ground—some nodding appreciation of the excellence of the fluids; others either fastening a bet or endeavoring to "hedge" in true British style (but you will submit this group to your Reporter-about-Town for analyzation). The ladies and lady-killers making up the carriage group beyond the tent will suit the same cool discriminator; and his practiced eye will lightly linger on the host of character this side of the rail fence, and he may detect the hotel omnibuses, and their lively customers hailing the triumph of "Tar River" and his colored jockey (who, by-the-by, lost his cap when near home).

The Course opposite the Grand Stand is fairly pictured, even to the "time board." "The stands are as they are"—nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice—but they feel frail for so great a crowd; and when, occasionally, a plank snaps with a peculiar crash, you feel nervous about a "rush."

Unlike the English race-course, the Eclipse is surrounded by a lofty and unscalable palisade—a formidable evidence of our *exclusive* Republicanism—an *improvement* on the friendly character of our amiable cousins.

But truly we shall be an excellent people when we come to recognize the merits of horse-flesh and blacklegs; when nothing shall be heard in public or private life but "What is the odds on Cheathim?" or "What do you lay on Tar River?" when every store shall be changed into betting-offices; and our already fast youth, from eight years upward, shall resort there, with their quarters and dollars, "to take the odds."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

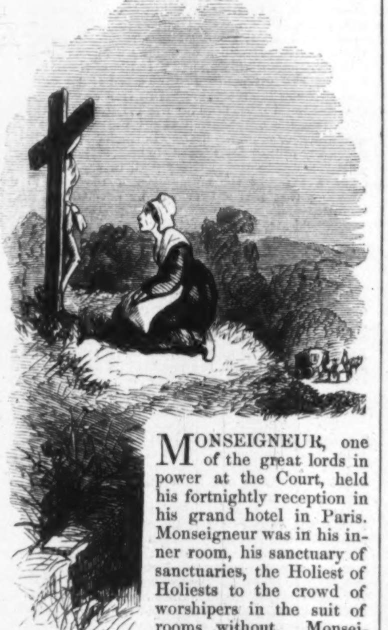
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER VII.

MONSEIGNEUR IN TOWN.



MONSEIGNEUR, one of the great lords in power at the Court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris. Monseigneur was in his inner room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries, the Holiest of Holiests to the crowd of worshipers in the suit of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate. Monseigneur could swallow a great many things with ease, and was by some few sullen minds supposed to be rather rapidly swallowing France; but his morning's chocolate could not so much as get into the throat of Monseigneur without the aid of four strong men besides the Cook.

Yes. It took four men, all four ablaze with gorgeous decoration, and the Chief of them unable to exist with fewer than two gold watches in his pocket, emulative of the noble and chaste fashion set by Monseigneur, to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One lackey carried the chocolate-pot into the sacred presence; a second milled and frothed the chocolate with the little instrument he bore for that function; a third presented the favored napkin; a fourth (he of the two gold watches) poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monseigneur to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring Heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly waited on by only three men; he must have died of two.

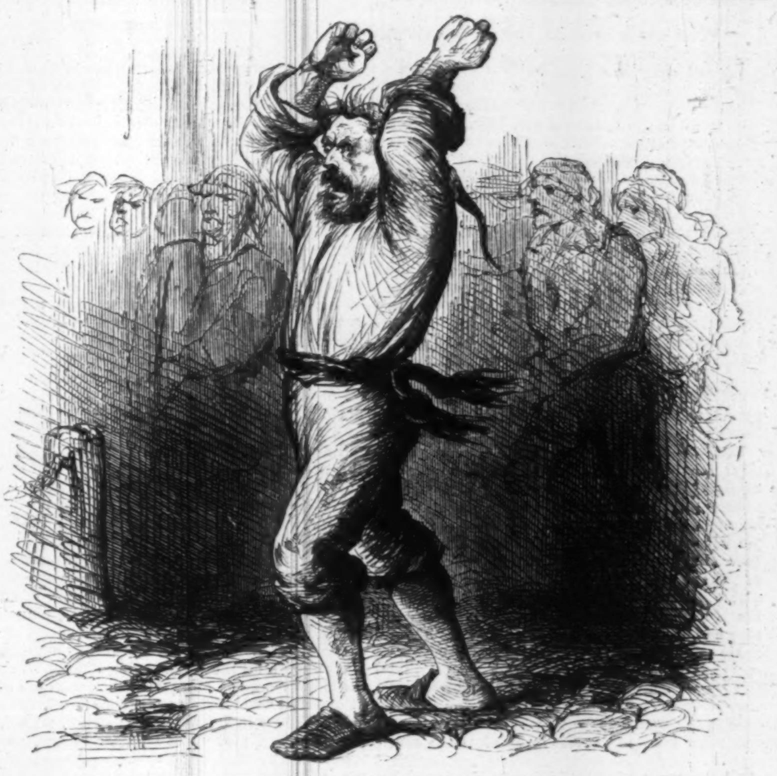
Monseigneur had been out at a little supper last night, where the Comedy and the Grand Opera were charmingly represented. Monseigneur was out at a little supper most nights, with fascinating company. So polite and so impressible was Monseigneur that the Comedy and the Grand Opera had far more influence with him in the tiresome articles of state affairs and state secrets than the needs of all France. A happy circumstance for France, as the like always is for all countries similarly favored!—always was for England (by way of example) in the regretted days of the merry Stuart who sold it.

Monseigneur had one truly noble idea of general public business, which was to let every thing go on in its own way; of particular public business, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea that it must all go his way—tend to his own power and pocket. Of his pleasures, general and particular, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea, that the world was made for them. The text of his order (altered from the original by only a pronoun, which is not much) ran: "The earth and the fullness thereof are mine, saith Monseigneur."

Yet Monseigneur had slowly found that vulgar embarrassments crept into his affairs, both private and public; and he had, as to both classes of affairs, allied himself per force with a Farmer-General. As to finances public, because Monseigneur could not make any thing at all of them, and must consequently let them out to somebody who could; as to finances private, because Farmer-Generals were rich, and Monseigneur, after generations of great luxury and expense, was growing poor. Hence Monseigneur had taken his sister from a convent, while there was yet time to ward off the impending vail, the cheapest garment she could wear, and had bestowed her as a prize upon a very rich Farmer-General, poor in family. Which Farmer-General, carrying an appropriate cane with a golden apple on the top of it, was now among the company in the outer rooms, much prostrated before by mankind, always excepting superior mankind of the blood of Monseigneur, who, his own wife included, looked down upon him with the loftiest contempt.

A sumptuous man was the Farmer-General. Thirty horses stood in his stables, twenty-four male domestics sat in his halls, six body-women waited on his wife. As one who pretended to do nothing but plunder and forage where he could, the Farmer-General—howsoever his matrimonial relations conduced to social morality—was at least the greatest reality among the personages who attended at the hotel of Monseigneur that day.

For the rooms, though a beautiful scene to look at, and adorned with every device of decoration that the taste and skill of the time could achieve, were, in truth, not a sound business; considered with any reference to the scarecrows in the rags and night-caps elsewhere (and not so far off, either, but that the watching towers of Nôtre-Dame, almost equidistant from the two extremes, could see them both), they would have been an exceedingly uncomfortable business—if that could have been any body's business, at the house of Monseigneur. Military officers destitute of military knowledge; naval officers with no idea of a ship; civil officers without a notion of affairs; brazen ecclesiastics, of the worst world worldly, with sensual eyes, loose tongues, and looser lives; all totally unfit for their several callings; all lying horribly in pretending to belong to them; but all nearly or remotely of the order of Monseigneur, and therefore foisted on all public employments from which any thing was to be got: these were to be told off by the score and the score. People not immediately connected with Monseigneur or the State, yet equally unconnected with any thing that was real, or with lives passed in traveling by any straight road to any true earthly end, were no less abundant. Doctors who made great fortunes out of dainty remedies for imaginary disorders that never existed smiled upon their courtly patients in the ante-chambers of Monseigneur. Projectors who had discovered every kind of remedy for the little evils with which the State was touched, except the remedy of setting to work in earnest to root out a single sin, poured their distracting babble into any ears they could lay hold of, at the reception of Monseigneur. Unbelieving Philosophers who were remodeling the world with words, and making card-towers of Babel to scale the skies with, talked with Unbelieving Chemists who had an eye on the transmutation of metals, at this wonderful gathering accumulated by Monseigneur. Exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding, which was at that remarkable time—and has been since—to be known by its fruits of indifference to every natural subject of human interest, were in the most exemplary state of exhaustion, at the hotel of Monseigneur. Such homes had these various notabilities left behind them in the fine world of Paris that the Spies among the assembled devotees of Monseigneur—forming a goodly half of the polite company—would have found it hard to discover among the angels of that sphere one solitary wife who, in her manners and appearance, owned to being a Mother. Indeed, except for the mere act of bringing a troublesome creature into this world—which does not go far toward the realization of the name of mother—there was no such thing known to the fashion. Peasant women kept the unfashionable babies close, and brought them up; and charming grandmammas of sixty dressed and supped as at twenty.



"KILLED!" SHRIEKED THE MAN.

The leprosy of unreality disfigured every human creature in attendance upon Monseigneur. In the outermost room were half a dozen exceptional people who had had, for a few years, some vague misgiving in them that things in general were going rather wrong. As a promising way of setting them right, half of the half dozen had become members of a fantastic sect of Convulsionists, and were even then considering within themselves whether they should foam, rage, roar, and turn cataleptic on the spot—thereby setting up a highly intelligible finger-post to the Future, for Monseigneur's guidance. Besides these Dervishes were other three who had rushed into another sect, which mended matters with a jargon about "the Centre of truth:" holding that Man had got out of the Centre of truth—which did not need much demonstration—but had not got out of the Circumference, and that he was to be kept from flying out of the Circumference, and was even to be shoved back into the Centre, by fasting and seeing of spirits. Among these, accordingly, much discoursing with spirits went on—and it did a world of good which never became manifest.

But the comfort was, that all the company at the grand hotel of Monseigneur were perfectly dressed. If the Day of Judgment had only been ascertained to be a dress day, every body there would have been eternally correct. Such frizzling and powdering and sticking up of hair, such delicate complexions artificially preserved and mended, such gallant swords to look at, and such delicate honor to the sense of smell, would surely keep any thing going forever and ever. The exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding wore little pendent trinkets that chinked as they languidly moved; these golden fetters rang like precious little bells; and what with that ringing, and with the rustle of silk and brocade and fine linen, there was a flutter in the air that fanned Saint Antoine and his devouring hunger far away.

Dress was the one unfailing talisman and charm used for keeping all things in their places. Every body was dressed for a Fancy Ball that was never to leave off. From the Palace of the Tuileries, through Monseigneur and the whole Court, through the Chambers, the Tribunals of Justice, and all society (except the scarecrows), the Fancy Ball descended to the Common Executioner; who, in pursuance of the charm, was required to officiate "frizzled, powdered, in a gold-laced coat, pumps, and white silk stockings." At the gallows and the wheel—the axe was a rarity—Monsieur Paris, as it was the episcopal mode among his brother Professors of the provinces, Monsieur Orleans, and the rest, to call him, presided in this dainty dress. And who among the company at Monseigneur's reception, in that seventeen hundred and eightieth year of our Lord, could possibly doubt that a system rooted in a frizzled hangman, powdered, gold-laced, pumped, and white silk stockinged, would see the very stars out!

Monseigneur having eased his four men of their burdens and taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiests to be thrown open, and issued forth. Then what submission, what cringing and fawning, what servility, what abject humiliation! As to bowing down in body and spirit, nothing in that way was left for Heaven—which may have been one among other reasons why the worshipers of Monseigneur never troubled it.

Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there, a whisper on one happy slave and a wave of the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms to the remote region of the Circumference of Truth. There Monseigneur turned and came back again, and so in due course of time got himself shut up in his sanctuary by the chocolate sprites, and was seen no more.

The show being over, the flutter in the air became quite a little storm, and the precious little bells went ringing down stairs. There was soon but one person left of all the crowd, and he, with his hat under his arm and his snuff-box in his hand, slowly passed among the mirrors on his way out.

"I devote you," said this person, stopping at the last door on his way, and turning in the direction of the sanctuary, "to the Devil!"

With that he shook the snuff from his fingers as if he had shaken the dust from his feet, and quietly walked down stairs.

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner, and with a face like a fine mask. A face of a transparent paleness; every feature in it clearly defined; one set expression on it. The nose, beautifully formed otherwise, was very slightly pinched at the top of each nostril. In those two compressions, or dints, the only little change that the face ever showed resided. They persisted in changing color sometimes, and they would be occasionally dilated and contracted by something like a faint pulsation; then they gave a look of treachery and cruelty to the whole countenance. Examined with attention, its capacity of helping such a look was to be found in the line of the mouth and the lines of the orbits of the eyes being much too horizontal and thin; still, in the effect the face made, it was a handsome face, and a remarkable one.

Its owner went down stairs into the court-yard, got into his carriage, and drove away. Not many people had talked with him at the reception; he had stood in a little space apart, and Monseigneur might have been warmer in his manner. It appeared, under the circumstances, rather agreeable to him to see the common people dispersed before his horses, and often barely escaping from being run down. His man drove as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face, or to the lips, of the master. The complaint had sometimes made itself audible, even in that deaf city and dumb age, that, in the narrow streets without foot-ways, the fierce patrician custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere vulgar in a barbarous manner. But few cared enough for that to think of it a second time, and in this matter, as in all others, the common wretches were left to get out of their difficulties as they could.

With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood in these days, the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and men clutching each other and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping at a street-corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on and leave their wounded behind; and why not? But the frightened valet had got down in a hurry, and there were twenty hands at the horses' bridles.

"What has gone wrong?" said Monsieur, calmly looking out.

A tall man in a night-cap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it like a wild animal.

"Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis!" said a ragged and submissive man; "it is a child."

"Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis—it is a pity—yes."

The fountain was a little removed; for the street opened, where it was, into a space some ten or twelve yards square. As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground and came running at the carriage Monsieur the Marquis clapped his hand for an instant on his sword-hilt.

"Killed!" shrieked the man, in wild desperation, extending both arms at their length above his head and staring at him. "Dead!"

The people closed round, and looked at Monsieur the Marquis. There was nothing revealed by the many eyes that looked at him but watchfulness and eagerness; there was no visible menacing or anger. Neither did the people say any thing; after the first cry they had been silent, and they remained so. The voice of the submissive man who had spoken was flat and tame in its extreme submission. Monsieur the Marquis ran his eyes over them all, as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes.

He took out his purse.

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "that you people can not take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is forever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses? See! Give him that."

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up, and all the heads craned forward that all the eyes might look down at it as it fell. The tall man called out again, with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

He was arrested by the quick arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him, the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying, and pointing to the fountain, where some women were stooping over the motionless bundle, and moving gently about it. They were as silent, however, as the men.

"I know all, I know all," said the last comer. "Be a brave man, my Gaspard! It is better for the poor little plaything to die so than to live. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily?"

"You are a philosopher, you there," said the Marquis, smiling. "How do they call you?"

"They call me Defarge."

"Of what trade?"

"Monsieur the Marquis, vendor of wine."

"Pick up that, philosopher and vendor of wine," said the Marquis, throwing him another gold coin, "and spend it as you will. The horses there; are they right?"

Without deigning to look at the assemblage a second time, Monsieur the Marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing, and had paid for it, and could afford to pay for it, when his ease was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage and ringing on its floor.

"Hold!" said Monsieur the Marquis. "Hold the horses! Who threw that?"

He looked to the spot where Defarge the vendor of wine had stood, a moment before; but the wretched father was groveling on his face on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark stout woman, knitting.

"You dogs!" said the Marquis, but smoothly, and with an unchanged front, except as to the spots on his nose: "I would ride over any of you very willingly, and exterminate you from the earth. If I knew which rascal threw at the carriage, and if that brigand were sufficiently near it, he should be crushed under the wheels."

So cowed was their condition, and so long and so hard their experience of what such a man could do to them, within the law and beyond it, that not a voice, or a hand, or even an eye, was raised. Among the men, not one. But the woman who stood knitting looked up steadily, and looked the Marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it; his contemptuous eyes passed over her, and over all the other rats; and he leaned back in his seat again, and gave the word "Go on!"

He was driven on, and other carriages came whirling by in quick succession; the Minister, the State-Projector, the Farmer-General, the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Ecclesiastic, the Grand Opera, the Comedy, the whole Fancy Ball in a bright continuous flow, came whirling by. The rats had crept out of their holes to look on, and they remained looking on for hours; soldiers and police often passing between them and the spectacle, and making a barrier behind which they slunk, and through which they peeped. The father had long ago taken up his bundle and hidden himself away with it, when the women, who had tended the bundle while it lay on the base of the fountain, sat there watching the running of the water and the rolling of the Fancy Ball—when the one woman who had stood conspicuous, knitting, still knitted on with the steadfastness of Fate. The water of the fountain ran, the swift river ran, the day ran into evening, so much life in the city ran into death according to rule, time and tide waited for no man, the rats were sleeping close together in their dark holes again, the Fancy Ball was lighted up at supper, all things ran their course.

CHAPTER VIII.

MONSEIGNEUR IN THE COUNTRY.

A beautiful landscape, with the corn bright in it but not abundant. Patches of poor rye where corn should have been, patches of poor pease and beans, patches of most coarse vegetable substitutes for wheat. On inanimate nature, as on the men and women who cultivated it, a prevalent tendency toward an appearance of vegetating unwillingly—a dejected disposition to give up, and wither away.

Monsieur the Marquis in his traveling carriage (which might have been lighter), conducted by four post-horses and two postillions, fagged up a steep hill. A blush on the countenance of Monsieur the Marquis was no impeachment of his high breeding; it was not from within; it was occasioned by an external circumstance beyond his control—the setting sun.

The sunset struck so brilliantly into the traveling carriage when it gained the hill-top that its occupant was steeped in crimson. "It will die out," said Monsieur the Marquis, glancing at his hands, "directly."

In effect, the sun was so low that it dipped at the moment. When the heavy drag had been adjusted to the wheel, and the carriage slid down hill, with a cinderous smell, in a cloud of dust, the red glow departed quickly; the sun and the Marquis going down together, there was no glow left when the drag was taken off.

But there remained a broken country, bold and open, a little village at the bottom of the hill, a broad sweep and rise beyond it, a church-tower, a wind-mill, a forest for the chase, and a crag with a fortress on it used as a prison. Round upon all these darkening objects, as the night drew on, the Marquis looked with the air of one who was coming near home.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, poor tannery, poor tavern, poor stable-yard for relays of post-horses, poor fountain, all usual poor appointments. It had its poor people too. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at their doors shredding spare onions and the like for supper, while many were at the fountain washing leaves and grasses and any such small yieldings of the earth that could be eaten. Expressive signs of what made them poor were not wanting; the tax for the state, the tax for the church, the tax for the lord, tax local and tax general, were to be paid here and to be paid there, according to solemn inscription in the little village, until the wonder was that there was any village left unswallowed.

Few children were to be seen, and no dogs. As to the men and women, their choice on earth was stated in the prospect—Life on the lowest terms that could sustain it, down in the little village under the mill; or captivity and Death in the dominant prison on the crag.

Heralded by a courier in advance, and by the cracking of his postillions' whips, which twined snake-like about their heads in the evening air, as if he came attended by the Furies, Monsieur the Marquis drew up in his traveling carriage at the posting-house gate. It was hard by the fountain, and the peasants suspended their operations to look at him. He looked at them, and saw in them, without knowing it, the slow, sure filing down of misery-worn face and figure, that was to make the meagreness of Frenchmen an English superstition which should survive the truth through the best part of a hundred years.

Monsieur the Marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him, as the like of himself had drooped before Monseigneur of the Court—only the difference was, that these faces drooped merely to suffer, and not to propitiate—when a grizzled mender of the roads joined the group.

"Bring me hither that fellow!" said the Marquis to the courier.

The fellow was brought, cap in hand, and the other fellows closed round to look and listen, in the manner of the people at the Paris fountain.

"I passed you on the road?"

"Monseigneur, it is true. I had the honor of being passed on the road."

"Coming up the hill, and at the top of the hill, both?"

"Monseigneur, it is true."

"What did you look at so fixedly?"

"Monseigneur, I looked at the man."

He stooped a little, and with his tattered blue cap pointed under the carriage. All his fellows stooped to look under the carriage.

"What man, pig? And why look there?"

"Pardon, Monseigneur; he swung by the chain of the shoe—the drag."

"Who?" demanded the traveler.

"Monseigneur, the man."

"May the Devil carry away these idiots! How do you call the man? You know all the men of this part of the country. Who was he?"

"Your clemency, Monseigneur! He was not of this part of the country. Of all the days of my life I never saw him."

"Swinging by the chain? To be suffocated?"

"With your gracious permission, that was the wonder of it, Monseigneur. His head hanging over—like this!"

He turned himself sideways to the carriage and leaned back, with his face thrown up to the sky and his head hanging down; then recovered himself, fumbled with his cap and made a bow.

"What was he like?"

"Monseigneur, he was whiter than the miller. All covered with dust, white as a spectre, tall as a spectre!"

The picture produced an immense sensation in the little crowd; but all eyes, without comparing notes with other eyes, looked at Monsieur the Marquis. Perhaps, to observe whether he had any spectre on his conscience.

"Truly, you did well," said the Marquis, felicitously sensible that such vermin were not to ruffle him, "to see a thief accompanying my carriage, and not open that great mouth of yours. Bah! Put him aside, Monsieur Gabelle!"

Monsieur Gabelle was the Postmaster and some other taxing functionary united; he had come out with great obsequiousness to assist at this examination, and had held the examined by the drapery of his arm in an official manner.

"Bah! Go aside!" said Monsieur Gabelle.

"Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village to-night, and be sure that his business is honest, Gabelle."

"Monseigneur, I am flattered to devote myself to your orders."

"Did he run away, fellow?—where is that Accursed?"

The accursed was already under the carriage with some half dozen particular friends, pointing out the chain with his blue cap. Some half dozen other particular friends promptly haled him out, and presented him breathless to Monsieur the Marquis.

"Did the man run away, Dolt, when we stopped for the drag?"

"Monseigneur, he precipitated himself over the hill-side head first, as a person plunges into the river."

"See to it, Gabelle. Go on!"

The half dozen who were peering at the chain were still among the wheels, like sheep; the wheels turned so suddenly that they were lucky to save their skins and bones; they had very little else to save, or they might not have been so fortunate.

The burst with which the carriage started out of the village and up the rise beyond was soon checked by the steepness of the hill. Gradually it subsided to a foot-pace, swinging and lumbering upward among the many sweet scents of a summer night. The postillions, with a thousand gossamer gnats circling about them in lieu of the Furies, quietly mended the points to the lashes of their whips; the valet walked by the horses; the courier was audible, trotting on ahead into the dim distance.

At the steepest point of the hill there was a little burial-ground, with a Cross and a new large figure of Our Saviour on it: it was a poor figure in wood, done by some inexperienced rustic carver, but he had studied the figure from the life—his own life, maybe—for it was dreadfully spare and thin.

To this distressful emblem of a great distress that had long been growing worse, and was not at its worst, a woman was kneeling. She turned her head as the carriage came up to her, rose quickly, and presented herself at the carriage-door.

"It is you, Monseigneur! Monseigneur, a petition!"

With an exclamation of impatience, but with his unchangeable face, Monseigneur looked out.

"How, then! What is it? Always petitions!"

"Monseigneur. For the love of the great God! My husband, the forester."

"What of your husband, the forester? Always the same with you people. He can not pay something?"

"He has paid all, Monseigneur. He is dead."

"Well! He is quiet. Can I restore him to you?"

"Alas no, Monseigneur! But he lies yonder, under a little heap of poor grass."

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, there are so many little heaps of poor grass."

"Again, well?"

She looked an old woman, but was young. Her manner was one of passionate grief; by turns she clasped her veinous and knotted hands together with wild energy, and laid one of them on the carriage-door—tenderly, caressingly, as if it had been a human breast, and could be expected to feel the appealing touch.

"Monseigneur, hear me! Monseigneur, hear my petition! My husband died of want; so many die of want; so many more will die of want."

"Again, well? Can I feed them?"

"Monseigneur, the good God knows; but I don't ask it. My petition is, that a morsel of stone or wood, with my husband's name, may be placed over him to show where he lies. Otherwise, the place will be quickly forgotten; it will never be found when I am dead of the same malady; I shall be laid under some other heap of poor grass. Monseigneur, they are so many, they increase so fast, there is so much want. Monseigneur! Monseigneur!"

The valet had put her away from the door, the carriage had broken into a brisk trot, the postillions had quickened the pace, she was left far behind, and Monseigneur, again escorted by the Furies, was rapidly diminishing the league or two of distance that remained between him and his chateau.

The sweet scents of the summer night rose all around him, and rose, as the rain falls, impartially, on the dusty, ragged, and toil-worn group at the fountain not far away; to whom the mender of roads, with the aid of the blue cap without which he was nothing, still enlarged upon his man like a spectre, as long as they could bear it. By degrees, as they could bear no more, they dropped off one by one, and lights twinkled in little casements; which lights, as the casements darkened, and more stars came out, seemed to have shot up into the sky instead of having been extinguished.

The shadow of a large high-roofed house, and of many overhanging trees, was upon Monsieur the Marquis by that time; and the shadow was exchanged for the light of a flambeau, as his carriage stopped, and the great door of his chateau was opened to him.

"Monsieur Charles, whom I expect; is he arrived from England?"

"Monseigneur, not yet."

LITERARY.

Summer Pictures from Copenhagen to Venice. By Henry M. Field. New York: Sheldon & Co., 115 Nassau Street, 1859.

This captivating and instructive book is what its title purports it to be, a series of warm, glowing, sunny pictures of such incidents, historical associations, manners and customs of the people, and physical features of the various countries passed through, as fell under the writer's notice during his tour. There are no dry and prosy details and statistics gathered from guide-books and old manuals, but all is fresh and life-like, just as each incident or fact was impressed upon the writer's own mind. The style is chaste, graceful, and perspicuous; the grouping of the pictures artistic and judicious; and what is of the highest value in a book of this kind, the statements may all be relied upon as true. Indeed we happen to know that the author took unwearied pains, even after his return to this country, to verify his statements, so as to free them as far as possible from every inaccuracy. Some of the chapters are of special interest at this time from the great war which is raging in Northern Italy. The author's reflections on Austrian rule, and its dire and crushing effects on Venice, Verona, and indeed all Lombardy, should be read by all who would seek to sympathize with the right in this fearful struggle which is now going on. But apart from this consideration, the book is so genial and instructive that we cordially recommend it to all our readers as one which will richly pay its perusal.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

KOSSUTH TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

The following address has been published:

"TO THE HUNGARIAN EXILES RESIDING IN THE UNITED STATES.

"At the time of the late Crimean War several of my exiled fellow-countrymen brought great misery upon themselves by throwing up their situations and leaving the United States for Europe, without having taken care to ascertain whether or not circumstances warranted the step.

"I fear the present state of European affairs, together with partly vague, partly exaggerated, partly unfounded reports, may have a similar effect.

"I consider it, therefore, to be my duty to warn my exiled fellow-countrymen in America that it is not yet time for them to move.

"Grave considerations forbid my entering on premature explanations. Suffice it to say that, though the sky is brightening promisingly, we have yet great difficulties to overcome.

"Due care is taken, not only of the interests of our country, but also especially of their personal interests.

"They shall be duly apprised in due time. But the time has not yet come. Let them patiently, let them confidently wait. Any inconsiderate rashness might bring personal ruin on them without the slightest advantage to the public cause. Kossuth.

"London, England, *June* 9, 1859."

THE WINANS SHIP SUNK.

The "cigar steamship," built by the Messrs. Winans in Baltimore as an experiment, sank at her wharf last week, in consequence of one of her supply pipes being left open accidentally. She will probably be afloat again soon.

JUDGE DOUGLAS'S PLATFORM.

The friends of Judge Douglas are in possession of the following letter, explaining his position on the subject of the Presidency, and of which they have permitted a copy to be taken for publication:

"Washington, *Wednesday, June* 22, 1859.

"My Dear Sir,—I have received your letter inquiring whether my friends are at liberty to present my name to the Charleston Convention for the Presidential nomination.

"Before the question can be finally determined, it will be necessary to understand distinctly upon what issues the canvass is to be conducted. If, as I have full faith they will, the Democratic party shall determine, in the Presidential election of 1860, to adhere to the principles embodied in the compromise measures of 1850, and ratified by the people in the Presidential election of 1852, and reaffirmed in the Kansas-Nebraska act of 1854, and incorporated into the Cincinnati Platform in 1856, as expounded by Mr. Buchanan in his letter accepting the nomination, and approved by the people—in that event my friends will be at liberty to present my name to the Convention, if they see proper to do so. If, on the contrary, it shall become the policy of the Democratic party—which I can not anticipate—to repudiate these, their time-honored principles, on which we have achieved so many patriotic triumphs; and if, in lieu of them, the Convention shall interpolate into the creed of the party such new issues as the revival of the African slave-trade, or a Congressional slave code for the Territories, or the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States either establishes or prohibits Slavery in the Territories beyond the power of the people legally to control it as other property, it is due to candor to say that, in such an event, I could not accept the nomination if tendered to me. Trusting that this answer will be deemed sufficiently explicit,

"I am, very respectfully, your friend,

"S. A. Douglas."

"To J. B. Dorr, Esq., Dubuque, Iowa."

PERSONAL.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 11th remarks, without giving the names of the parties, that a hostile meeting took place yesterday between two down-town gentlemen, the cause being a political discussion at the polls last Monday. The weapons were small swords, and after a few passes one of the combatants was run through the neck, while the point of his sword grazed his adversary's cheek, producing quite a long scratch. The seconds here interfered and arranged the matter.

White, the artist, will return to this country by the *Vanderbilt*, which was to leave Havre on the 22d instant. He will bring his great picture of "Washington resigning his Commission," painted for the State House at Annapolis, Maryland, and to be hung in the room where the actual scene took place.

Mr. Wright, American Embassador at the Court of Berlin, has offered 50,000 thalers for the library left by Alexander von Humboldt. It is not probable that, under the pressure of the present times, he will meet with many, if any, competitors in Prussia or Germany. The inheritor of these literary treasures is the late valet of the deceased philosopher, who, from the nature of his circumstances, can not be expected to wait any length of time for the realization of the bequest. Thus it is probable that the tools and implements, as it were, of the greatest mind-workman of modern Europe will be removed to the United States.

Senator Douglas was presented with a cane on Friday morning, by Mayor Haines, in behalf of the citizens of the Tenth Ward of Chicago. The *Journal* says the cane is of oak, of large dimensions, and of very curious workmanship. It is covered with figures and devices—figures of Washington and Douglas in very bold relief, eagles, clusters of grapes, liberty-caps, horns of plenty, star-spangled banners, cannons, drums, trumpets, etc. The handle of the cane is a huge horn of plenty. Over the head of Douglas is the inscription, "People's Sovereignty." The work was all done with a knife.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

EVACUATION OF ITALY BY THE AUSTRIANS.

IN Italy the uprising against Austria is unanimous. Her forces have been compelled to evacuate the whole of Lombardy, where the French and Sardinians have been driving against their front, and the free corps of Garibaldi threatening their right. From the Papal States and the Duchies they have also been withdrawn, and are evidently concentrating in and around the great historical square of military strategy in Upper Italy, between the Mincio and Adige rivers, and where soon the great struggle is to be made which will decide whether Austria shall be shorn of all her Italian possessions, or whether Louis Napoleon is to be roused to further and more desperate efforts than any he has yet made.

DETAILS OF THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

The following particulars of the battle of Magenta are extracted from a letter in the *Constitutionnel* of June 10, written from Novara, on June 5, by M. Ernest Dréolle:

"Yesterday, as the first battalions of the Voltigeurs of the Guard, after conquering in a first engagement at Turbigo, were pursuing their march toward Milan, it appears that 40,000 Austrians, massed in columns, suddenly countermarched and, confident in their numbers, advanced against our leading columns, hoping to turn them and check the concentration of our army upon Milan. But they had not taken into their account the division of the Grenadiers and Chasseurs of the Guard commanded by General Mellinet. This division rapidly got together between Buffalora and Magenta, not far from the spot where the Turcos fought, and they very soon showed a front to the enemy. Toward noon the Austrians, after hesitating for some time, decided to attack. The Zouaves and Grenadiers united did not make up more than 10,000 men, but without budging a foot they held their own against the vainly energetic efforts of the 40,000 Austrians. The latter, surprised at such an obstinate resistance, retired in good order, formed again, and returned to the charge a second time. They might as well have rushed against a brazen rampart. The Guard soon became tired of this passive attitude and resolved to take the offensive. It charged and scattered the enemy. But the latter perceiving how small were the numbers of the French, came up again and again. Seven times in the course of two hours were these heroic charges renewed. The Grenadiers and Zouaves were electrified by the presence of the Emperor, who, sword in hand, supported and directed them. The Emperor, however, was frequently seen to turn his eyes toward the points where, pursuant to his orders and calculations, he expected to see the divisions of Niel and M'Mahon make their appearance. They arrived, and were saluted with a long bravo, which astonished and disconcerted the enemy. General M'Mahon advanced to Magenta with an ardor, a dash, and an enthusiasm which was the admiration of the whole army. At the moment when his attacking column was crossing the bridge, General Espinasse, who was leading it with his well-known intrepidity, was unfortunately struck by a ball in the very centre of his breast. He must have died instantly. On seeing him fall the soldiers, quite beside themselves, rushed forward to avenge his death. Nothing could stop them—on, on they went, sweeping away every obstacle; and after completely routing the enemy they effected their junction with the Imperial Guard, which was all the while commanded by the Emperor in person. The battle was gained. Marshal Canrobert and General Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely had done wonders on their side. We were masters of the field. I hear that the Emperor warmly congratulated the new Duke of Magenta, to whom he attributed a large share in the success of the day. The Emperor did not shrink from exposing himself during the action, and more than once General Fleury threw himself before him, braving, with a devotion which all admired, though all were ready to do the same, the bullets which threatened his Majesty."

ENTRY OF THE CONQUERORS INTO MILAN.

Telegrams state that King Victor Emanuel and the Emperor of the French entered Milan at eight o'clock on 8th June, amidst the warm and enthusiastic greetings of the populace.

Count Cavour left the same evening for Milan.

A great number of the principal citizens assembled to cheer the Emperor in the court-yard of the Palace.

The Emperor and the King attended mass on 9th in the Cathedral of Milan, during which a Te Deum was sung. Their Majesties subsequently traversed the streets on horseback, followed by a numerous staff. The Imperial Guard was drawn up on both sides of the way, and the general enthusiasm was indescribable.

ADDRESS OF THE MUNICIPALITY.

The Municipality of Milan delivered in the presence of the Emperor, at the head-quarters, on 6th, the following address to the King:

"The Municipality of Milan are proud of being able to make use of their most precious privileges in being the interpreters of their fellow-citizens at this grave crisis. They are willing to renew the peace of 1848, and to proclaim again before the Italian nation the great fact which has required eleven years for its full development in the intelligence and hearts of the people. The annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont has been this morning proclaimed by us at the same time when the artillery of the enemy could have thundered against us, and while their battalions were even in our public places. The annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont is the first step in the new way of public right, which allows nations to take the initiative in the achievement of their own destinies. The heroic Sardinian army, our own brave allies who insist on Italy being free as far as the Adriatic, will soon achieve the magnanimous enterprise. Receive, Sire, the homage of the town of Milan at our hands, and believe that our hearts belong entirely to you. Our cry is, 'The King and Italy forever!'

"Signed by seven assessors of Municipality.

"MILAN, *June* 5, 1859."

PROCLAMATION TO THE LOMBARDS.

The following is a summary of the proclamation addressed by the King of Sardinia to the Lombards:

"Victories have brought us to Milan, and your good wishes make my government the stronger. Our independence being secured, a *régime* both liberal and durable will be established. Every one has made great sacrifices to support our army and our volunteers. Italians have given proof of their worth, and have gained the victory. The Emperor, our generous ally, the heir to the name and the genius of Napoleon, has been willing to command his heroic army to liberate Italy. Second on the battle-field his magnanimous intentions, and show yourselves worthy of the destinies of new Italy after a century of suffering. VICTOR EMANUEL.

"MILAN, *June* 9, 1859."

PROSPECTS OF ANOTHER BATTLE.

It is credibly stated at Vienna that General Gyulai has been dismissed, and Field-Marshal Hess appointed Commander-in-Chief. The Austrians are retiring on the Adda, where they will offer the allies battle.

The official Austrian *Correspondence* states that the Austrian army is continuing its retreat beyond the River Adda, and that its head-quarters are at present at Cavattigozza, before Cremona.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says that the latest accounts from Italy state that both the allied and Austrian armies are preparing for another general engagement.

THE BATTLE OF MALEGNANO.

Bodies of Austrian troops being intrenched at Malegnano, Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers was sent by the Emperor to dislodge them, and took the village with but little loss on his side.

Private letters from Milan respecting the battle of Malegnano state that 500 Zouaves were put *hors de combat*. The Austrians, who were 30,000 strong, suffered a loss of 1500 killed and wounded, and 1200 prisoners. The battle lasted nine hours. At 11 P.M. a battalion of Hungarians and Croats, intending to surprise the village, were surrounded and defeated.

SUCCESSES OF GARIBALDI.

The part of Upper Lombardy which has been freed from the Austrians has hastened to proclaim Victor Emanuel as King.

Volunteers are rapidly arriving from all parts to join General Garibaldi's corps, which is pursuing the enemy beyond Monza.

General Urban's army, after a precipitate retreat from Varese, has become dispersed, and his scattered soldiers have been taken prisoners and disarmed.

GARIBALDI'S PROCLAMATION.

It is said that Garibaldi issued the following address to his soldiers:

"My children,—You are one to five. Before you is death: behind the muskets of your comrades, who will shoot like a dog the first who retreats. Cannon we have none; we will take them. Let us die; what matters it. Italy must be free. Behold your real recompense."

This man, who resembles a chief of brigands, will become more than a distinguished general; he will be a great and mighty captain, unless an Austrian bullet arrests him in his career.

HOW THE TURCOS FIGHT.

An account, written after the battle of Magenta, of those Numidians, the Turcos, who for the first time since the expedition of Hannibal have found themselves on the other side of the Alps, says: "It is declared that the conduct of the Turcos at Magenta was a pendent to the Zouaves' attack at Montebello and Palestro. An eyewitness assures me that their attack presented a spectacle at once curious and terrible. They did not run, but some crawled, like the savages described by Cooper, and seized their enemy ere they had time to stir; others bounded into the plain, uttering yells, and fell upon the astonished Austrians, hitting about on all sides with their bayonets without pity or quarter. A horrible *mêlée* was seen. The thunder of cannon was overwhelmed by the cries of a wild harmony which was neither the song of victory nor the lament of the wounded and dying. All that the language of Mohammed contains in the way of curses and imprecations issued from their throats by volleys at a time, and one Turco did not hesitate to attack three or four Austrians. To the cries of the officers responded the trumpet and drum, and every instant clouds of the enemy were seen despoiling themselves of their arms and throwing themselves into ditches or ravines to escape pursuit.

"When the struggle was over the spectacle was hardly less strange. The frantic conquerors rolled themselves on the earth, and as though some African music, sweeping across the Mediterranean, had suddenly met their ear, they executed frenzied dances, and broke out into bursts of laughter which really terrified their companions in arms. Some had compelled their prisoners to sit near them, and, like the lion who fascinates his prey, they contemplated with an eye full of fire the unhappy defenseless soldiers at their feet. All savage as the Turco is, he fights loyally, nobly; seldom does he strike his adversary behind; he flies rather in his face, at his head; he bounds, he cries, he galls, he confounds his enemy, but never cowardly attacks him by surprise. He makes a prisoner of his disarmed foe—he never attempts to injure him."

ARE THEY CANNIBALS?

We read in the Novara correspondence of the London *Telegraph*:

"The Turcos are a collection of Arabs, negroes, Spaniards, and French. The same costume, the same flag, and the same spirit belong to them all. Their faces are fierce-looking, their features strongly marked, their manners are rough and reckless, their language is a jargon of all the known and unknown tongues, and finds expression in sharp, short, emphatic words, admirably adapted for military service. Their audacity is astounding, all the more so because it is natural to them, is not in any way put on, and is the daily habit of their lives. Their recklessness has in it something of the terrible, for they care no more for their own lives than for the lives of others. They have an ardent love of adventure, of danger, of battle, and of difficulty that is almost insurmountable. Fighting is to them a pastime; human life a plaything; they sport with deadly weapons as a child with its toys. If instinct, instead of reason, were not the motive power of their acts, they might be aptly denominated the most ferocious, blood-thirsty, cut-throat ruffians heaven's fair sunlight ever shone upon.

"Such are the Turcos. I leave you, therefore, to imagine what their charges must be against an enemy, when I add to the above details that they are nimble as squirrels, cunning as monkeys, and savage as tigers. Grape-shot excites their fury to the utmost. A fusilade irritates them; a charge of cavalry is the sole thing they do not like. They fly against the enemy like an arrow from its bow; they fall upon him as the knife of the guillotine falls upon the condemned neck. The bayonet is the weapon they use; though their teeth are often enlisted into martial service, for some of the wretches love to suck the blood of their foes. I speak *à la lettre* in making this disgusting announcement. With my own ears I heard, at Vercelli, one of the barbarians declare that he liked to taste Austrian blood!

"No troops march like the Turcos. They run; they leap; they jump; they bound; they spring like wild beasts; they drag themselves along on their bellies; they dart forward like snakes; and wherever they tread they leave the footsteps of death in their track.

"In costume they resemble the Zouaves. They have large breeches of holland, a little Arab jacket of blue color, and a red turban. They have thus the aspect of something undiscovered between Turks and devils.

"When fellows of this kidney fall upon troops like the Austrians, resistance, however brave, is utterly useless. Every thing yields to them, every thing disappears—every thing except stains of blood and lifeless bodies. Their officers in vain cry out, 'Make prisoners!' They want no bother—can't be encumbered with luggage.

"In one word, the Turco is the concentrated essence of the Zouave."

WHAT THE FRENCH HAVE ACCOMPLISHED.

The Paris *Moniteur*, after publishing a detailed bulletin of the passage of the Ticino, concludes with the following summary:

"Five days after our departure from Alessandria our army has been engaged in three combats, gained one battle, and freed Piedmont from the Austrians, who, since the conflict of Montebello, have lost 25,000 killed and wounded, 10,000 prisoners, and seventeen pieces of cannon; besides which we have picked up on the battle-field 30,000 Austrian knapsacks."

THE EMPEROR AS A SOLDIER.

A letter-writer says: "I need not say what confidence this steady advance causes in the chief; the soldiers feel that it is a powerful hand and a clear head which directs them, and the whole is done with that air of mystery which is so imposing. No one except the Emperor himself knows what will be done the next moment. The order comes suddenly and unexpectedly; not even those round him know any thing beforehand, and every thing is done far more quickly than it ever has been done with other armies, owing to telegraphs and railways. The clumsy system of field telegraphs compared with the electric wire—with which the country is covered as the Austrians quit it—is like the vettura of this country to the famous mail-coaches which existed once in England. There is no danger of difficulties of ground, fogs, and other inconveniences; the furthest corps can receive a message in a minute, and execute the order immediately."

THE ZOUAVES AT PALESTRO.

The *Times* correspondent says: "The Zouaves, especially since the affair of Palestro, have become the lions of the day in Italy. Their feats in the field, and even their words, are the constant subject of conversation and of repetition. During the fight at Palestro, a certain detached body of Zouaves, which had to pass through several deep and muddy canals in their impetuous charge on the enemy's artillery, found their fleetness more impeded by the weight of their immense, baggy trowsers, soaked with water and mud, than by the balls of the enemy's guns. To disembarrass themselves of this impediment was but the work of a moment; and thus the Zouaves appeared on the field with a flag at half-mast, which might have been taken by the Austrians as a demand for quarter; but their actions in no manner corresponded to the color of their flag, and the grape and canister continued to mow down their ranks until they reached and bayoneted the artillerymen on their guns. It was not till then that their sergeant bethought himself of the fact that his men were in the undress uniform not recognized by the code, and that he suggested to them the propriety—to use a French phrase—of entering into order again."

ZOUAVES AND TYROLESE RIFLEMEN.

The Tyrolese sharp-shooters in the Austrian army wear on their bonnets a tuft of plumes which resemble very much that of the Piedmontese sharp-shooters. At the battle of Palestro a regiment of these Tyrolese were hidden in the wheat, and the Zouaves, deceived by the plumes, and approaching with confidence, received at thirty steps a most murderous discharge of balls along the whole line. The surprise lasted but a moment. "*Sac à terre!*" cried the Zouaves in one voice: "*A la baionnette!*" Their Colonel did not try to oppose the torrent; the smoke of the discharge was not yet dissipated when the Tyroleans received the human avalanche, preceded by its thousand steel points, and were thus precipitated into the canal, where many hundreds were drowned or bayoneted. Not a single Tyrolean would have escaped, perhaps, if the Zouaves had had their linen instead of the woolen pantaloons, for they could not swim with these, and the enemy had thrown away their guns.

THE ZOUAVES DON'T CARE FOR CARTRIDGES.

They do not care much about firing, preferring the bayonet and their rapid charges. A story is told in the papers which illustrates this fact. Just before one of the last combats they were distributing the cartridges to the different companies. When it came the turn of the Zouaves, they showed all the prudery of a young girl to whom one offers a present. They shrugged their shoulders, sidled away, said they didn't care about them, and they had to force them to accept. Then they took a cartouche delicately between the end of their fingers, and said, carelessly: "Pardon, Sergeant, I'll only take one!" What need, in effect, have they of cartouches? They go almost as rapidly as their balls, and they have their bayonets besides.

A VISIT TO THE WOUNDED.

A correspondent of the *Morning Post* writes: "One of the first among the wounded pointed out to me was a Zouave of the Guard, who had taken an Austrian standard. The poor fellow had lost both hands above the wrist, but seemed as contented as if it was only a trifle. Another Zouave, who had lost his right hand, showed me some zwanzigers he had found on an Austrian, and asked me what they were worth. I told him about 40 francs. He said—"*Ma main valait plus que cela.*" Another shot through the shoulder had a purse with 30 or 40 Napoleons in it; he showed me the ball which had been extracted; it was conical, flat at the bottom, with two grooves round the base.

"I also went to have a look at the prisoners; there were 500 men of the Italian regiment, Archduke Sigismund. This is the regiment mentioned by the *Times* correspondent as having requested to form a part of the army of invasion. The men I talked to told me that this petition had been got up by their officers, who were all Germans, and that they went into action with a battalion of Croats in their rear, who fired upon them when they laid down their arms. He also said there were two more battalions who would do the same at the first opportunity which might offer. They shouted '*Viva l'Italia!*' as they came in, and offered to volunteer into the Sardinian army."

HOOPS AT ALESSANDRIA.

According to M. Amedee Achaid, the ladies of Piedmont are rather excessive in respect of crinoline. "Alessandria," he says, "is a strong fortress, and must, I confess, be allowed certain privileges; but yet it appears to me that, in respect to steel petticoats, it abuses its right. Never before in my life did I see dresses of such gigantic dimensions as are to be found here. Citizens' wives and countesses, char-women, scullery-maids—in fact, every soul among Eve's daughters—wears skirts so ample, so expansive, that one is under continual fear of a sudden gust of wind carrying off the whole lot—mothers, sisters, daughters, cousins, and all. My own eyes have seen little girls, who certainly were *under* six, wrapped in balloons with which Mr. Green would undertake to rise to the top of Chimborazo."

FATHER AND SON IN THE VOLUNTEERS.

Volunteers are pouring in daily to Florence, and men of all classes are placing property and money at the disposal of the Government, to help in defraying the expenses, etc., of the army. Many absurd anecdotes are told of the volunteers. A young officer was sitting in a *café*, when a private passing by called him out and began scolding him. The officer listened respectfully, and soon after went in again to his friends. "Why," said they, "do you allow a common soldier to speak to you in that manner?" "Oh," replied he, "that's my father. When the war broke out I was ordered to the frontier, and having no one else to care for, he volunteered into my regiment. Of course he was obliged to enter the ranks; and I, having passed through the military schools, was already an officer."

CONDITION OF THE AUSTRIAN FINANCES.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, writing on June 4, says: "If the war should soon be at an end Baron Bruck may be able to restore order to the finances, but something unpleasant will hardly fail to occur should it be prolonged. In an article on the 'State of the Bank,' which was published in the *Oesterreichische Zeitung* (the organ of the Finance Department) of last night, it is maintained that there is no cause for alarm, but capitalists are not of the same opinion. The decrease in the metallic reserve was caused by an advance made to the state, 'on account of that part of the English loan which was not taken.' On the 31st of December there was no premium on silver, but now the difference between the paper and metallic (silver) currencies is about 42 per cent."

THE AUSTRIAN ARMY TO BE COMMANDED BY THE VIRGIN.

"As the arms of Austria have not yet been so successful as could be wished, the clergy have addressed themselves to the Holy Virgin, and humbly requested her, as 'Generalissimo' of the army, to take the matter in hand.

"Already, at eight o'clock this morning, the streets of the city were filled by women walking in procession behind the rectors of the different parishes, who were attended by stalwart beadles bearing flags, on which were saints, martyrs, etc., worked in tapestry. Toward ten o'clock the different processions united and went to the Cathedral, and thence to the church of Mariahulf (Our Lady of Help), which is in the suburb of the same name. Among the notable persons who walked in the main procession were the Archduke Francis Charles, the Archduke Ludwig, his son, the Minister of the Home Department, the Burgomaster, etc. The people, having a wholesome fear of the agents of the Chief of the Police, committed no excesses, but many of them evinced their disapproval of what was going on by gibes, jeers, and disrespectful gesticulations. It is utterly impossible that such medieval observances can further the interests of true religion. The exhibition we have had here to-day will not be to the taste of the army, which detests the 'clique' that is now all-powerful in Austria."

PRUSSIA STILL NEUTRAL.

The semi-official *Preussische Zeitung* contains the following:

"Reports are current that the whole Prussian army will be mobolized, and that Prussia *will soon take part in the existing conflict*; but we believe, says the journal, that we are not mistaken in stating that no resolution of such a nature has as yet been taken, nor is it immediately imminent. If Prussia should be caused to take further steps for the development of her warlike power, her only object will be to make the position she has hitherto held of greater avail."

The Dresden *Journal* of June 10 contains the following:

"Prussian Commissioners were here yesterday negotiating for the transport by railway of considerable bodies of Prussian troops. A satisfactory result without difficulty was arrived at. The Commissioners then started for Munich with a similar object."

SWITZERLAND PRESERVING HER NEUTRALITY.

A telegram dated Berne, June 9, 4.30 A.M. (*via* France), says: "Three Austrian armed transports, having vessels in tow, were observed entering Swiss waters by the outposts of the Swiss troops under Major Latour. The transports were immediately stopped and surrendered, and at five o'clock in the morning the Swiss commander of the *Radetsky* brought them into Mogadino, where they will be kept by our troops alongside of five Sardinian steamers.

"The Federal Council has ordered the immediate fortifying of Luziensteig, and also of the frontiers of the Grisons bordering on Austria. Orders have likewise been issued by the Council to hasten the completion of the fortifications of St. Maurice, in the Canton Valais."

ENGLAND.

DEFEAT OF THE MINISTRY.

On the 10th June, in the House of Commons, the debate on the amendment to the address was resumed by Mr. Milner Gibson, who spoke in opposition to the Government, and was followed on the same side by Mr. Sydney Herbert, Sir G. C. Lewis, Lord John Russell, etc.

The speakers in support of the Government were Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay—two ultra Liberals—Sir J. Pakington, and the Solicitor-General.

At two o'clock on Saturday morning the House divided, when there appeared;

For the amendment (expressing a want of confidence in the Ministry)	323
Against it	310
Majority against Government	13

Mr. Gladstone and Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay voted with the Government. Only 16 members out of 654 were absent.

LORD PALMERSTON IN POWER AGAIN.

The aspect of political affairs in England is calm and peaceful. Lord Palmerston had been charged with the duty of forming a Liberal Cabinet, but thus far nothing further had been settled than the fact that Lord John Russell is to be Minister of Foreign Affairs, and that Mr. Cobden, and perhaps one or two other Liberals, will have a seat in the Cabinet.

FRANCE.

REJOICINGS OVER THE VICTORY OF MAGENTA.

The *Herald* Paris correspondent says: "The Empress on Sunday evening, together with the Princess Clotilde, took the citizens by surprise, as, all in their *robes de demaiche*, they promenaded in thousands by the gardens of the Tuileries, over the beautiful area of the Place de la Concorde, and up the facing arches of the Rue Rivoli, by suddenly appearing in the midst of them in an open landau drawn by four horses. Every one was talking or thinking of the great victory that had just been announced, when the news spread that her Majesty the Empress-Regent was in the Rue Rivoli. Every one rushed to the spot, the carriage was literally hemmed in by the immense concourse which pressed upon it; the piquers with the greatest difficulty kept the space sufficiently clear for the horses to move; *vivas* broke out and filled the air, hardy men respectfully put forward and grasped the carriage panelings, the robe, almost the hands of the Empress; it was too much for her; throwing aside all dignity, all state, all of the monarch, every thing, in fact, but the tender and delicate woman, she flung herself back in the carriage and sobbed like an infant. The crowd instantly, and with consternation, delicately recoiled and made all others do the same, but enthusiastic acclamations continued and filled the air long after the imperial *cortége* had moved away."

RECEIPT OF THE NEWS AT ST. CLOUD.

A correspondent of the *Nord* says that the Emperor's dispatch with the news of the victory of Magenta contained no less than eight hundred words. It was opened at St. Cloud and deciphered by M. Damas Hinard, in the presence of the Empress and the guests who had been dining with her. When the translator came to the passage relating to General M'Mahon, "who, as always, was first in the field," he stopped for a moment, owing to a difficulty in making out the cipher; Madame M'Mahon, who was listening intently, fancied that this hesitation was the prelude to a terrible revelation, and fainted away.

OLD LINEN WANTED.

The Empress Eugénie's appeal to the public for contributions of old linen to make lint and bandages for the wounded is placarded all over Paris, with the additional intimation that offerings will be received at all the mairies. Crowds of people are reading these bills with a sad interest. The stern realities of war are brought home to the mind when the inhabitants of such a vast city as Paris are told that there is pressing necessity for immense quantities of old rags to be sent all the way to Italy to assuage the sufferings of the wounded. No mere figures could speak so eloquently. The prefects are collecting linen in the departments.

HOW EUGENIE PLAYS HER PART.

The Empress, it must be allowed, plays her part with great judgment during her liege's absence. She takes every opportunity of showing herself with the Prince Imperial, and thus keeping up the interest her situation naturally engenders; and her really gentle and amiable qualities, evinced on so many genuine occasions, have prepared all hearts to welcome her.

HOLLAND.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT.

In the Dutch Parliament, the order of the day being the question of voting the federal contingent Holland has to furnish, in right of the Limberg, part of the Luxemburg, to the German Diet's army, one of the liberal members, M. Storm, member for Breda, who was utterly opposed to dragging the Dutch into this war, spoke with such energy against the burden thus cast on a small district that he fell back on the benches, and, in the manner of Lord Chatham, expired in the assembly. The House adjourned.

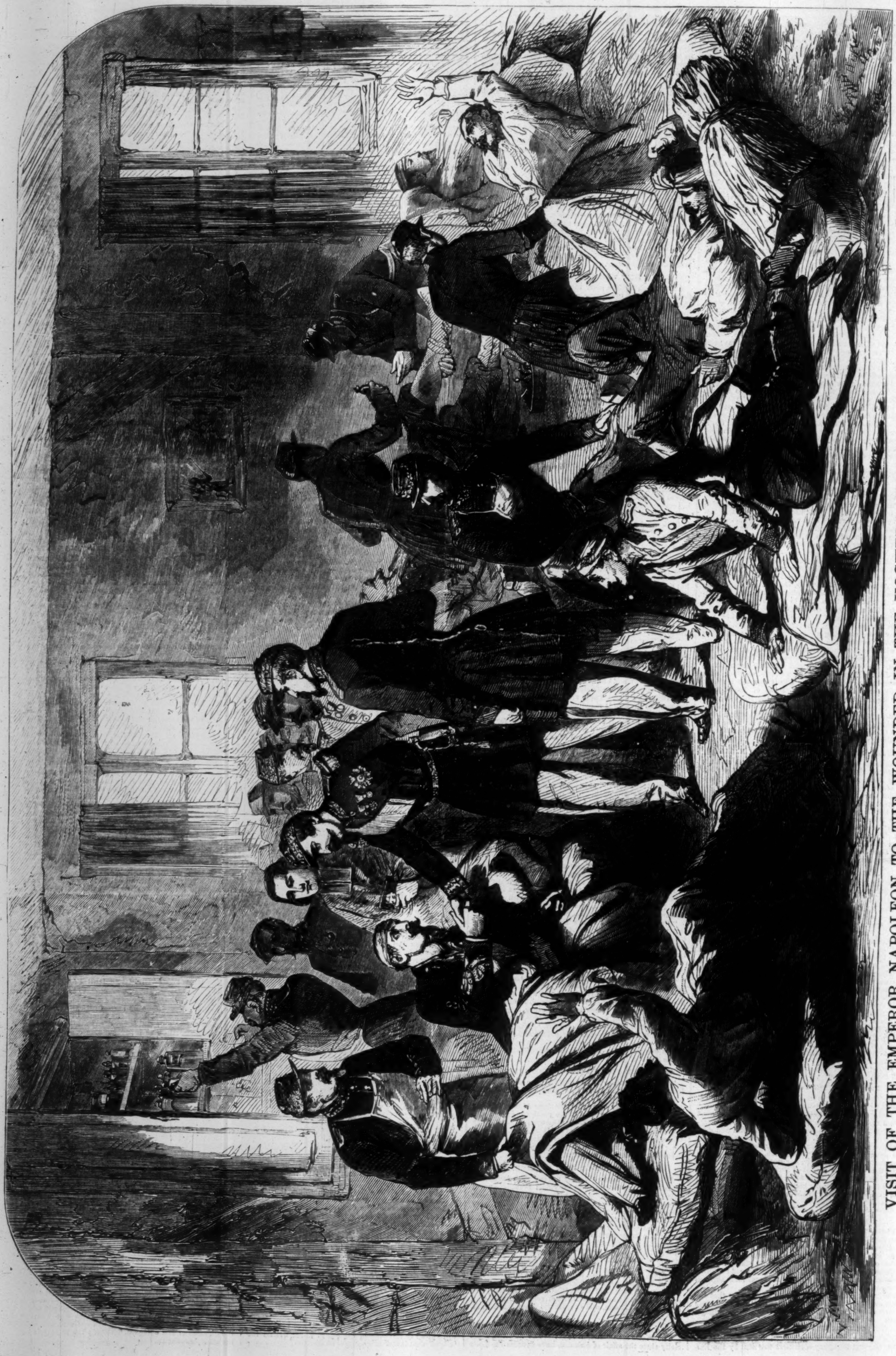
ROME.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF AN AMERICAN GIRL.

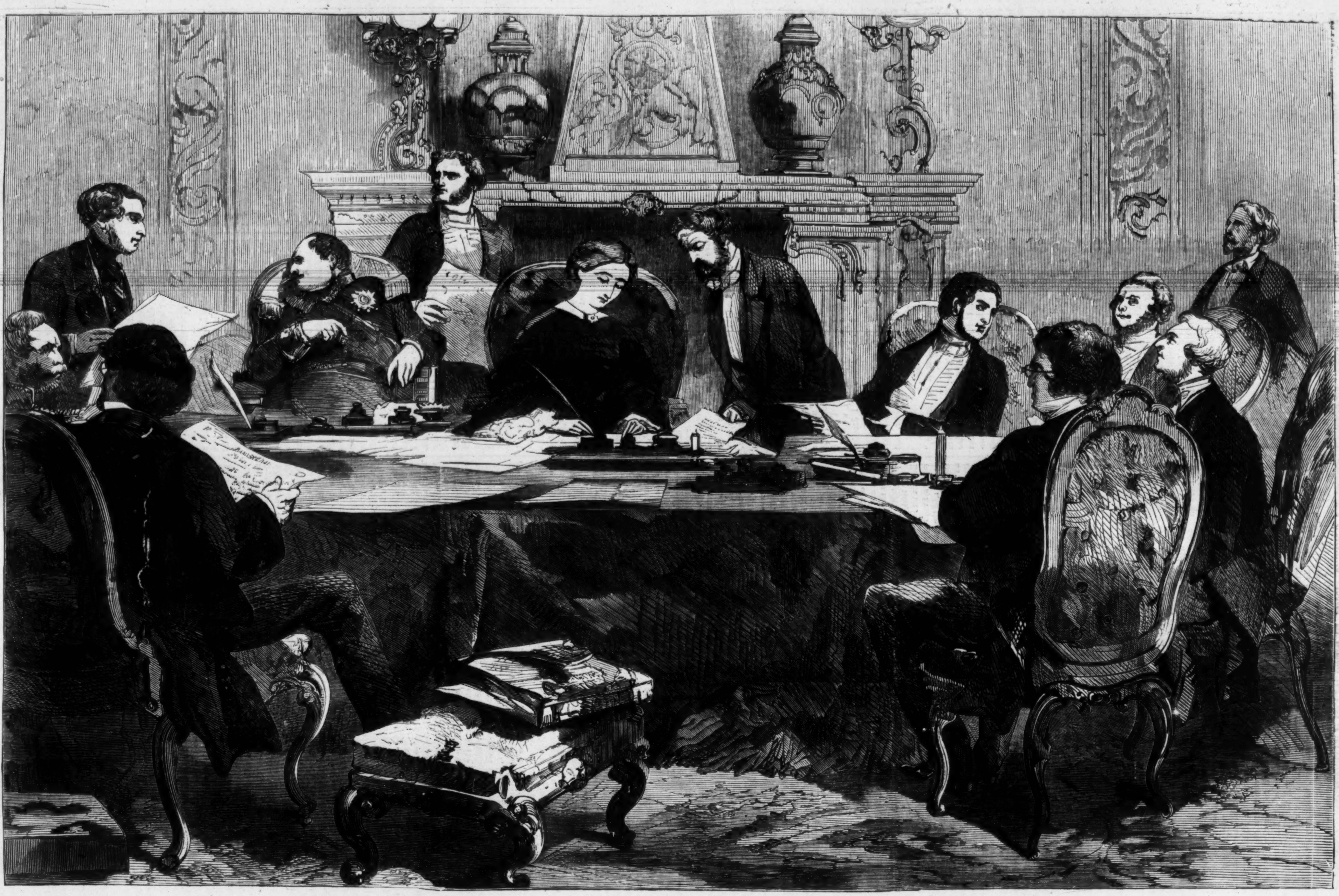
A letter from Rome to the London *Times* contains the following:

"A very painful scene is related to have occurred. A young girl one day asked a sailor which was the deepest part of the port, and immediately afterward going toward it, threw herself in and disappeared. She was saved, however, by those standing around. She appears to have been a young American residing in Palermo, and had fled with some man to Civita Vecchia. On arriving there her seducer, having shut her up in a hotel, abandoned her.

"Every assistance was given her by the authorities, and the delegate sent her on to Rome by a special train. The arrival of a train with three persons only—the girl and her two conductors—put the whole diplomatic world in confusion, who were anxious to know who was the mysterious arrival, and curiosity was not satisfied until the dispatch of the delegate, detailing the incidents of the affair, was shown."



VISIT OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON TO THE WOUNDED IN THE VOGHERA HOSPITALS.—[From a Sketch by M. Moullin.]



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE PRESIDING AT A STATE COUNCIL AT THE TUILERIES.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

THE accompanying engravings on pages 424 and 425 will show how the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie are spending their time just now. We doubt whether any couple in this country are employing themselves quite as usefully.

The Emperor is represented visiting the military hospitals after the battle of Montebello. These hospitals had been hurriedly constructed in the houses nearest to the battle-field, and wounded of all nations—Frenchmen, Austrians, and Italians—were indiscriminately received in them. Old histories of war in former times describe the jealous care with which foreigners were excluded from military hospitals. We have read of orderlies going over a battle-field strewn with wounded, and carefully avoiding all but their own countrymen: making dying men declare their nationality when their uniform had been destroyed or carried away, and leaving them to die if they proved to belong to the enemy. But even war feels the effect of modern civilization; one only needs to be a man, and to be in need of surgical assistance, to obtain admission to the French hospitals in Italy. The Emperor, we are told, made no difference between the Austrians and French on his visit. He had a kind word for every one, speaking German, Italian, and French, with almost equal fluency, and evincing a sincere interest in the hospital arrangements. He was several hours in the wards.

The Empress is depicted at the head of the Council of Ministers, discharging her duties as Regent. The Council Chamber at the Tuileries is a small apartment, furnished with an oval table, chairs, stationery, etc. In this room the Council of State meets twice a week or oftener. Rumor says that the Empress shows good sense in her remarks at Councils, and pays an attention to business which might sometimes be imitated with advantage by the Emperor. Her public duties monopolize her time to such a degree that she has been compelled to forego her usual visits to the charitable institutions of Paris.

On the right-hand side of the Empress Regent are the Prince Jerome, the brother of Napoleon I., and her Majesty's principal counselor; M. Fould, the Minister of State; and Marshal Randon, the Minister of War. On her left-hand side may be seen, next to her Majesty, the Count Walewski, Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Delangle, the Minister of Justice; and M. Rouher, the Vice-President of the Senate, who sits immediately opposite the War Minister. Her Majesty is attired in the simplest costume, and the Emperor's uncle is the only personage who usually appears in uniform. All documents hitherto signed by the Emperor now bear the sign-manual of the Empress Eugénie.

A NIGHT WITH A CRUSADER.

A MAY-DAY STORY.

MAY-DAY THE FIRST.

ABOUT ten minutes' walk from Muskham church and parsonage lived my father, William Witherington, a man of some wealth in the parish. In him the vocations of Cain and Abel were united in a superlative manner; he was the best tiller of the land and the best keeper of sheep in all that neighborhood.

From the year in which I was able to walk alone until the year in which I left the village, almost a man, I measured to and fro the distance between the farm and the parsonage three or four times daily. Mr. Hole, the parish priest, although he had been married eight years at the time I was born, had yet at that date no child of his own; and both he and his wife taking some fancy to me, for good qualities which their good nature rather imagined than beheld, I was constantly in their house. The parson educated me as if I were his own son, free of charge. And when, in my eighth year, that little creature was born to him who was afterward to be known as Mary Hole, and later still as Mary Witherington, I was not discharged; daily rations of the classics and mathematics were still served out to my greedy little mind. I grew mightily attached to the parson; I looked upon him as a kind of *de jure* king of the earth; and in almost all things I revered his will as my law. Thus I continued until I was seventeen and Mary nine; and I must inform the modern reader that, in that patriarchal age and place, boys at seventeen were not men, but boys.

On one thing, however, the priest and myself found it impossible to come to any agreement. Mr. Hole wished me to go on to Cambridge, with a view finally of my entry into holy orders. He had purposely given his teaching a bend in that direction. I knew when the Council of Ancyra was held, and did not know when the battle of Marston Moor was fought. I could find Nice on the map, and could not find Boston, United States. I remembered the date of Archbishop Langton's death, and forgot that of Queen Anne. At first I was inclined to follow out the parson's wish. To be the same as Mr. Hole I thought was the grandest and loftiest kind of life possible. I once disturbed the priest's gravity by walking into his study robed in a night-shirt for a surplice, and with the legs of a pair of black trowsers hanging from my shoulders for a stole.

But a long visit to London, when I was at the pliable age of seventeen, entirely altered the direction of my ambition. I suddenly discovered, by precepts and examples, that I had a right to be a man. I staid while in town with a bachelor cousin, a voluptuary and a loose self-indulger, who took me to the singing-halls, the lower theatres, gaming-houses, prize-fights, and to every kind of place from which a boy ought to be kept. I returned to Muskham, honoring, indeed, and behaving politely to Mr. Hole, but possessing a secret belief, which soon showed itself in various open ways, that clergymen were a kind of womanly men, who had never had their eyes opened to see life as it is.

From this time I grew so idle, and showed so little care for any thing at all beyond riding over the country to meet the hounds, or going out with shooting parties, or to bet on a hurdle-race, that Mr. Hole, seeing I was quite unfit, as well as quite disinclined, for the solemn office of the priesthood, gave up that long-cherished desire of his heart.

It was morally impossible for any one in that plastic age, half-youth, half-man, to mix in the kind of society to which I was accustoming myself by such pursuits without becoming worse. My father saw with great sorrow the daily deterioration of my tastes, my loss of industry, my want of zest for any serious pursuit. Consulting with the parson, they agreed that I wanted to be under stern discipline. So he determined to remove me from the country, though he was afraid to trust me in town.

At last, having found through mutual friends a lawyer of known severity and probity, who was willing to receive a pupil, my father sent me to him on trial, informing him of all my weaknesses, and entreating him to keep the strictest watch over my conduct.

For some time I went on very steadily. I won golden words from my master. The good news made my father and his friend the priest glad.

But after a year of the good conduct which was so pleasant to these true friends, and just as my father had determined I should be placed for good with the master who was so satisfied with me, that master was taken dangerously ill. The business of the office was left entirely in the hands of the clerks; and I, instead of coming every morning with my master and returning with him at night, was now left a little more independent. My independence tested me. It found the old spirit in me; the easy will to evil which had before dragged me downward. The props of hourly advice, of a kind severity, of a regular life, and a quiet home, being taken from me (for I had to move from my master's house), I fell.

I began by visiting the cousin with whom I had staid the first time I was in London. He soon took me to the same places, introduced me to the same company as before. I ran into the most guilty excesses. There was but one kind of sin from which grace held me back. The instrument of grace was my constant memory of my sweet play-fellow, the parson's daughter. I seemed constantly to behold her, when such temptations visited me, on a pedestal of beauty and sanctity, too high, indeed, for me to ascend, but not too high for me to worship toward.

One day, just after receiving my quarter's allowance from my father, I went out with this cousin and a party of his loose associates to see a prize-fight between the Pet of Pimlico and Northeast Walloper, at Plumstead Marshes. Here I betted so highly that I lost every farthing of my money. At last, in the hope of recovering some of it, I staked my watch. That went too.

I accused my companions of cheating with false dice, for the betting which had begun at the fight was continued in a disreputable tavern not far off. My cousin, in a rage, declared that he would not have his friends insulted. Flushed with wine, and wild with my utter loss, I struck him. The whole body of them then turned me out of the room, saying that they would never acknowledge me again. I had not even the few pence to pay my fare back; and I walked to London, bitterly penitent.

Fortunately I had paid for my lodgings the day before. However, that afforded but little comfort for the future. It would be three months, according to the usual course of my affairs, before I should touch one farthing of my own. I dared not write to my father, much less dared I go to him. I felt that I deserved his rejection, and I almost fancied (a hard and untrue thought) that, if I went, he would really cast me off. Above all, I dreaded seeing my little play-fellow, Mary.

I resolved, therefore, to go to my master, ill as he was, and, confessing all, ask his advice and mediation. I met the physician at the door, just stepping into his carriage.

"How is Mr. Wilson?" I asked.

"He died calmly a quarter of an hour ago," answered he.

My whole heart sunk within me. I turned from the house not only a beggar, but friendless. "Now I am in that condition," thought I, "in which men become rapidly worse and worse." And I wondered, at that moment, if I should ever pass from grade to grade until I became a thief, a prisoner, a convict.

The first thing I did was to sell all my best clothes, and I dressed myself in the worn-out ones which I was about to give away. I lived on my wardrobe for a fortnight, all the while looking out for work. But I had no friend to whom I could apply for help, direction, or testimonial. At the end of the time I found myself in the street, lodgingless, and, in every thing but begging, a beggar.

Only one of two courses was now left open to me. I must go for a soldier or sailor. Which was it to be? I had almost lost all sense that I was the possessor of a will. My misfortunes had made me feel myself *a thing*. I resolved that I would not choose, but that I would let circumstances choose for me. In this fatalistic mood I met a recruiting sergeant. I went up to him confidently, and offered myself for a soldier. He stared at me a moment or two in silence, and then said, rather sharply, "Well, then, come with me, my man."

I was just entering a public-house with this sergeant, when I felt a strong hand grip me by the shoulder. I turned round angrily. There stood Parson Hole, an expression on his face, half of sorrow, half of indignation. It seemed as if another hand gripped still more tightly my heart at that vision. I suppose I fainted, for the next thing I remember was finding myself in a cab with the priest, stopping at the door of a hotel.

There is no need for me to write all that passed between us. Mr. Hole told me he had lost all faith in me. I did not wonder; my conscience acquitted him, and was ready to acquit any one who might make the same charge. Years full of kind and wise lessons, which he had, as it were, thrown away upon me, rose up before my memory accusing me.

After he had told me of his loss of faith in me, he said no more. I longed for blame and anger; that quietness was a more dreadful condemnation than the most terrible anathema in words. He took me with him to the railway in silence; he pointed, he did not tell me, which carriage to enter. He handed me a bag of biscuits without a word. I envied the gentleman on the opposite seat, I envied the news-boy, I envied the porters, I envied every one to whom he said only a syllable. Once or twice I tried to arouse my courage to ask after Mrs. Hole and Mary, but I found myself too full of shame to take their names in my lips.

At last I feigned sleep. Every now and then I felt that the priest was looking at me, for I heard a suppressed sigh, or a faint undergroan, which cut me to the heart. My hearing of these signs of pain was only stopped by my falling asleep really.

It had never struck me to notice whither we were going. I took it for granted that we were on the way home. Being night-time, nothing from the window of the carriage informed me, which was covered with the condensed breath of the passengers. It was with a mighty and startling surprise, therefore, that on awaking suddenly out of sleep, and mechanically rubbing the breath from the window, I beheld the great sea stretched up to the horizon, and sparkling and leaping under the light of the full moon.

"Where am I going, Sir?" said I, half in terror, to the priest, who was now lying at full length on the carriage-seat.

"To Mexico," answered he, springing up and rubbing his eyes, for I had shaken him out of his sleep.

Then I thought I must be dreaming. I went over in a moment of time all the events of the last few days, the prize-fight, the betting, the death of my master, my beggary, my enlistment that very afternoon. I only wondered which was the last event in the series of truth, which was the first event in the series of my dream. I was called to myself by the priest's voice.

"Your father," said he, "has heard of Mr. Wilson's death. A friend, who has been staying with me at the parsonage, had a two years' situation to offer in Mexico, with a good salary. Your father accepted it for you, on condition of your liking it. He knows nothing of your sin, William, which I have learned from your fellow-clerks, and from that bad man your cousin. Such sinners against light as you are must be treated as if they were in darkness; such sinners against will must be treated as if they had none. I have therefore brought you to Plymouth without consulting your pleasure or desire. Your father, when he hears of your frightful course, will be glad to know that you are gone to Mexico for two years."

I shall never forget the rest of that night. It was the 30th of April. We spent it in the inn, in the priest's bedroom. But we did not go to bed; he sat up talking and praying with me until the day broke. It reminded me of many a little episode after my far and shorter faults in childhood, and I rose up from my knees with some of the feelings and the faith of childhood. We then went into the town, and the priest bought my outfit.

At five in the afternoon the ship sailed. I had taken leave of Mr. Hole an hour before. "On the 1st of May, two years hence, William, God grant we may grasp each other's hands again!" said he. And at sunset on May-day I saw, through my tears, the last of the cliffs of England.

MAY-DAY THE SECOND.

I SPENT the next 1st of May in the Republic of Mexico. Of course you know that that day is the feast of Saints Philip and James, a great feast in Spain and in all Spain's children; for is not Saint James the national saint, and Philip the name of her kings?

By that day I had improved in my *intentions*. But, as an inevitable corollary, I had retrograded in my *acts*. The *principle* of action was unchanged in me, and the loose, idle, play-loving manners of the race I was dwelling amidst was the worst arena in the world for a weak youth to carry out strong purposes. It is true that I attended to my business steadily and thoroughly. But business was perpetually interrupted by feasts and gala-days. I had lost all my old boyish love for reading and study, and I joined eagerly in the habits and usages of the natives.

On my second May-day I was gambling in the morning, at a bull-fight in the afternoon, at the opera in the evening, and gambling again at night.

MAY-DAY THE THIRD.

HAS it ever struck you, my dear reader, that there is something special and singular in the love of women for *ghosts*? When you were a lad, or a lass, was it the man-servant or the maid-servant who used to terrify you, from twilight to bedtime, with the doings and sayings of the unbodied dead? Weak in logic as in nerve, they never asked themselves if it were possible for bodiless and invisible creatures to come with a body and to be seen. Who was it frightened your grandmothers, in their novel-reading days, into gaunt, grim rooms, or haunted castles, or church-yards at midnight, "making night hideous," and they, poor girls! too fearful to put out their candles? *Mrs.* Radcliffe. Who does the same disservice for your sweet-hearts and your sisters? *Mrs.* Crowe.

Very shocked would Parson Hole have been if he had known that his daughter Mary believed in the vision of ghosts; for although the parson was called a "Puseyite" throughout the rural deanery, and, gossip said, kept little idols in his bedroom with lights burning before them day and night, there was nothing the good father more hated and dreaded than superstition. Indeed, his sermons were full of warnings against it—a point which made Mr. Jodge, the Ranter "deacon," assert that he was to be the more suspected: "for," said he, "I always suspects a man to be a doing of that which he most talks against."

But young maidens have other teachers besides sober fathers. One of the mightiest, because the earliest, of the teachers of little men and women is the *nurse*. When the young soul is soft, plastic, and supple as the young body, it is as readily moulded into wrong or right shapes. Descartes tells us that, all his life long he had a peculiar affection for every squinting person he met; he resolved to search into the root of the strange affinity; and he found it in this, that the maid-servant who nursed him squinted.

Mary Hole had a like impression of the perfection of her own nurse. With a most full faith she believed on that nurse's word, in the existence of Bogie, Raw-head-and-bloody-bones, and many other such horrible personages. Indeed, from the time Mary was five years old until the time she left for school (at which place her faith was moderated rather than destroyed), scarcely a night passed without a talk upon some circumstantially-evidenced ghost-story. To many of these tales I was a fellow-listener, and a fellow-believer in them too.

I returned from Mexico the last week in April. I had a few days' business which detained me in London. On the thirtieth, however, I entered once again my native village. I found my father absent; he had gone to Ashby de la Zouch, tormented with rheumatism. They heard of my arrival at the parsonage, and a note came for me, in Mrs. Hole's handwriting, inviting me to make their house my home until my father's return.

Accordingly, late in the afternoon, I set off for the parsonage. When I found myself again in the old house I was very miserable. I had a feeling that I had gone out of the door clean, but had reentered it stained. The great changes of scene and condition made the spaces between seem like a lifetime. When I left, it was the dearest and happiest house in the world to me. For to my love and admiration of the parson another kind of love had been silently adding itself. Mary Hole was then but a young girl in age; too young, possibly, to know any thing of love. But being an only child, and her mother continuing so hopeless an invalid, she had become a companion to her and to her father, and was, as he used laughingly to call her, his deputy-wife and housekeeper.

Now I found Mary a reserved and quiet woman. Toward me her reserve seemed special. I took it, however, as fit, and I put it down, not as shyness, but partly as indifference and partly as dislike for one who had proved himself such an ingrate and a prodigal. I had, somewhere among my mental rubbish, an axiom picked up from gamblers and *roués*, that to be a prodigal was a sure passport to the love of women. I looked for it in the pure presence of this girl, but it was blotted out. I could not read it.

The parson, also, was very different to the genial, kindly fellow whose voice and look I often recalled as I lay sleepless in my hammock at night, and heard the tremendous rush and beat of the sea against the side of my bed, and felt myself divided by nothing but a few inches of wood and metal from thousands of miles of hungry, cold, and devouring sea. I thought him stiffer and more polite than he used to be.

Ever and anon I stole a glance at Mrs. Hole, reclining, pale and weak, upon the sofa. Once her eyes met mine. I saw in them the saddest expression. I felt myself the only stranger in this happy home; a piece of ill and inartistic coloring thrust by some base hand into a perfect and glorious picture.

For I perceived that among themselves they were merry enough. A young lady, a cousin of Mary's, was staying with them. A chatter, in subdued whisper, was going on sharply between the two; and every now and then a burst of laughter broke out from it.

At seven o'clock Mr. Hole went out to say the even song in the church. None of them went with him, for it was raining fiercely. I offered to be his companion. He answered, "Very well, William;" nothing more. True, the distance from the parsonage to the church was too short for any prolonged talk. Returning, he was just as curt. The rain was still falling, and a cold wind blew. "Warmer than this in Mexico, William?" said he, as he let me in at the hall-door.

When we entered the room we found a splendid fire blazing, and the candles not yet lighted. Mrs. Hole was sitting at the fireside in her arm-chair propped up with soft pillows. We found also going on between these three ladies, what, if the reader has not already expected, he ought to have expected, namely, a talk about ghosts.

"Well," said Mary, "I suppose you gentlemen were afraid to stay in the church till it grew dark, this awful night."

We both laughed. I felt so thankful for being coupled with Mr. Hole once more in words that seemed to suppose a fellowship between.

To explain, however, the meaning of the question, I must take the reader back to Muskham church. Just within the south porch stood the monument of Reginald de Muskham, an old crusader. It was an altar-tomb, and on the top, as the sacrifice, lay, at full length, the peaceful-faced warrior, his hands clasped in prayer, his countenance directed toward heaven, as if always expecting and waiting for the reappearance of the SON OF GOD. A strange tradition concerning this figure had become current in Muskham village. The tradition was so ancient no one knew when, or from what cause, it took its rise. It was reported that on the eve of St. Philip and James, the thirtieth day of April, the effigy felt pulses of blood coursing through his marble veins, arose from his hard bed, and, walking up the aisle, knelt solemnly before the altar, and remained there, as if in prayer, until cock-crow.

None of the villagers, strange to say, had ever seen this wonderful apparition. Perhaps, however, you will think it stranger when I tell you that none of the villagers, except two or three of the enlightened congregation of the Ranters, presumed to doubt the truth of it; and only two or three, indeed, of these. "The true and healthy traditions of the Church," Parson Hole used to say, "they have given up. This one unhealthy tradition, transferred perhaps from some heathen precursor, they are loth to part with. Our nature is essentially traditional."

"Do you, then, Miss Mary, still believe in that old story of ours?" said I.

"*Miss* Mary!" cried Mrs. Hole.

"*Mary*," said I, half-blushing, but pleased and melted with the mother's kindness. I could not help, however, looking across at the parson to see if his face offered any resentment at this liberty from such a prodigal as myself. He was occupied at the sideboard in counting over a number of tracts, and had not heeded us.

"Well," said Mary, "of course I don't exactly believe it, or—"

"Exactly disbelieve it," put in her mother; "I believe though, William, that she inclines most to the belief. I know she would like it proved."

I caught at these words. "If it is so, Mary," I said, "I shall be glad to watch to-night in the church for the apparition; and to-morrow morning I will tell you whether it is true or false."

"You shall do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Hole.

"Oh, let him!" cried the parson. "It will do the whole parish good."

The parson's wish was an additional spur to me. I longed to feel that I was still in his favor; I longed to do something to win it back, or at least win back the sense of it.

So, after a great deal of talk, to which every one contributed their stories of ghosts, more or less authenticated, it was agreed that, if I retained my purpose of so doing, I should visit the church at midnight. Which resolution being passed, we agreed to put off all further talk of the business until the time came for carrying it out. The rest of the evening was spent cheerily and pleasantly. I felt as if these dear hearts had once again melted toward me, and again passed over the catalogue of my sins.

At last, supper over, and pleasant time flying swiftly as usual, ten minutes to twelve came. "You must be in the church before midnight, William," said the parson, "or the villagers will say that the ghostly knight had said his prayers and gone to bed again before you were there. It is quite a cold night, and he will not like keeping long out of bed."

"Father!" cried Mary, with a look which seemed to add, "you a priest, and so irreverent!"

Mr. Hole laughed, and then led me round to the door. I wished them all a good-night, and started off, quite briskly, for my ghost-watching. I had not got quite so far, however, as the garden gate, when I heard, calling after me, the voice which is the sweetest that ever I knew—

"Will—Mr. Witherington, I mean."

I turned gladly, and ran back. Mary was standing in the door-way alone.

"Mamma says you had much better not go," said she, "and I think so too."

"I refuse to draw back," said I; "how would the sons of Muskham, for credulity renowned, and Muskham's dames—"

"Whose garments do any thing but sweep the ground," cried Mary. "Well, if you will be a Hector to this ghost Achilles, I hope it will not hurt you. In that case, too, mamma bid me give you this;" and she handed me a little bottle. "You will be so cold in the church. And you may have to wait an hour or two before the ghostly knight rises," she added, shaking out a kind of mock merry laugh.

"Don't be afraid," I answered, taking the bottle; "good-night!" And we shook hands, I fancying that I felt a most gentle grip in so doing. Just then, too, the clouds passing from the face of the moon, the rays fell suddenly upon Mary's face and revealed an expression so tender and concerned that my heart leaped up buoyantly. "Oh, I shall enjoy it!" I said; "it will be such a novel adventure for me. I have spent a night alone in my tree hammock in a Mexican forest, but I have not spent one in a quiet English church. But I am afraid I shall see no ghost."

I have said already that the church was but a very short distance from the parsonage. So I was soon there. I unlocked the door of the south porch, with the echo of my last words still ringing clearly in my ears.

But when I entered the gaunt cold church that echo was driven away by the awful and disheartening voice of the church door, which the wind slammed-to behind me with a determined and sudden force. There, on my right hand, lay the figure of the crusader, placid and quiet as I had seen it Sunday after Sunday, long years back when I was a little unstained child. Then I felt the difference between light and darkness, between society and solitude. It seemed to me as if, though the quiet figure was not moving, yet it, no—*he*, was thinking, and thinking too, of me the intruder; and I almost thought, as I hushed my breath, that I could hear him think aloud thus—

"How have you come out of the living world? William Witherington, do you know that you have shut yourself in among *the Dead?* The dead lie under you; all these stones upon the floor are tombstones. All the monuments upon the walls, these masses of discolored marble and dulled brass, are truths or lies about the dead. What if to-night the whole multitude of the buried should come up to confirm or to contradict them! Who ever stays all the night in dark churches? Who can tell what *may* pass within them when all the living are asleep?"

Immediately the echo of my own last words flashed upon the ears of my soul again; but now, as if said by another, and with a soft under-tone of satire in them: "I am afraid that I shall see *no ghosts*." And then I heard the monosyllable *No*, as if whispered by ten or twelve pair of communicating lips from pillar to pillar, and passing round the church. It had such a force over my spirit that I, in spite of resistance, felt myself compelled to take it up; and I said aloud and impetuously, again and again, "No, no, no! No, no, no, no!" And again the deep echo cast up the sound from the pavement to the roof, and the echo of the roof thrust it back. I began to wish I had not come. Wild beasts, reptiles, the *living* horrors of the forest, I could fight with—I dared not fight with ghosts.

Every few minutes the church changed from excessively dark to excessively light, for the night was cloudy, and the moon was at the full. I had made up my mind, while the adventure was merely a playful freak with me, that I would sit in the sacristy instead of in the cold church, looking out every now and then to see what I felt sure I should not see, the ghost kneeling at the altar. Now that I really found myself all alone in the church, I felt less brave and more believing. I felt really afraid of seeing him. All the taunts I had ever poured out upon credulous persons now rushed in a vengeful and accusing manner upon me; and I began to feel how patient and excusing I ought to have been with them. "I *will* sit in the sacristy," said I to myself. "Perhaps I shall fall asleep there; for it will be like nightmare and madness together to stay out here awake all night, and quite alone.

The church was now full of moonlight, and I was still in the neighborhood of the as yet sleeping effigy. I confess that I did not like it; so I moved up the aisle toward the sacristy. The moon at once went in; the church was suddenly filled with darkness; I stumbled against the font. I groped my way along, however, until, a moment after, I found myself fallen over the litany-stool. Another echo of my fall, thrown downward from the deep roof, and upward from the pavement of a hundred tombs, made my blood turn cold. I sprang up and rushed hurriedly at the sacristy door. It was locked, and I had no key for it.

A terror seized hold of me such as I had never before experienced. I felt a twitch of pain, and then a sudden numbness in every fibre of every nerve, or seemed to feel it. I remembered Mrs. Hole's bottle, and drew out the cork. The very grateful and unghostly smell of brandy issued from it. I drank a few sups and sat down, better and more placid, upon one of the stalls. I leaned my face in my hands, and sank into a kind of doze. I can not tell how long it lasted.

I was aroused out of this state by what seemed to be the brilliant streaming of the moonlight, between my fingers, on to my face. I started back, and caught sight, through the opposite window, of a black moonless sky, and heard the heavy beating of the wind-driven rain against the lozenge-shaped panes. At the same time I saw my own shadow lying black and definite along the seat and the floor, and I felt rather than saw—I felt with cold awe and horror, that a white, powerful, unusual light was burning at the lower end of the church, at the end where the tomb of the knight stood.

I was utterly paralyzed and will-less. In spite of myself my head turned in the direction of the glare. "O Heaven! O Earth! Who can help me? A dazzling, silver, oval-shaped mass of light was moving majestically up the aisle, and in the midst of it stood *the figure of the Crusader!* The witness of many generations indicated itself; the sense of all my sins rushed in upon me at once; above all, the sense of my disbelieving scorn and pride. I tried to sit, for I was too faint to stand. But a rigid stiffness in my legs prevented me; and as the figure moved with solemn slowness nearer and nearer to me an awful whisper went round the church, clearer and more distinct than the loudest shout or sharpest yell, "Have more reverence to the dead!" and I was kept, perforce, standing.

When he reached the foot of the chancel steps I perceived that his own feet did not touch the pavement. He floated—he did not walk up the steps. I saw also, too plainly, that he was indeed no longer stone. Color—though a paler and more watery color than we are used to—was about him every where. His casque, which he held in his hand, his breast-plate with the red cross upon it, his cuisses, and the rest of his armor, looked steel-color, brass-color, and red, seen through gauze or a mist. Faint was the flush of pink also which sat on his cheeks. His eyes, too, were not piercing and brilliant (like those in a picture of a ghost), but a dim, subdued, dusky, ineffable brown; it was hard to distinguish the eyebrow from the brow-shadow, or the outline of the pupil on the white.

I felt the air colder and colder as he neared me, and I could not take my eyes off him. Most of all, his mouth fascinated and fixed them. I could look into his dreamy and indistinct eyes without dread, but I felt faint with horror at the thought of those lips opening, at the thought of words coming from them. I watched nervously their thin, fixed, straight lines, and I looked with awe lest that face, set so firmly in the direction of the altar, should move in my direction. It *did* move. Just as he reached me he turned his head fully round. I looked to his lips; they opened.

I could not endure that sight. I fell flat. Amidst the floating away of my senses I caught these words:

"William, William! Oh that you were as anxious to strive for the Heavenly Jerusalem as I did for the Earthly!"

After that my senses were shut up; I neither heard nor saw any more. The next thing I remember was a shake of my right shoulder, a sensation of cramp in all my limbs, the rising sunlight pouring in from the altar-window, and the organist and Parson Hole standing beside me.

"My dear lad, have you been here all night?" asked the priest.

"Yes," I answered; "I think so."

"Have you seen the ghost?"

"Yes—at least no—yes. I don't know. I think I have."

"It is the Feast of Saint Philip and Saint James, and we are come in to the early Communion. Fortunate, too, it is for you. Any other day you would have been here until half past eight. Come, sit up; you are not half-awake yet."

Three months afterward, when I was just about to leave home for the university, I called at the parsonage to wish my betrothed and her family a farewell. I found the parson reading one of the treatises of William Law.

"Here is a sentence, William," said he, "which makes me think of your ghost."

He handed me over the book and I read: "Conversion to God is often very sudden and instantaneous, unexpectedly raised from variety of occasions. Thus, one by seeing only a withered tree, another by reading the lives of the antediluvian fathers, one by hearing of Heaven, another of Hell, may find himself as it were melted into penitence all on a sudden."

We then conversed on St. Paul, Raymond Lully, Ignatius Loyola, Colonel Gardiner, and others.

"Of the same kind, whether real or supposed, the visit of your ghost—"

"I'm sure it was real, pa," cried Mary.

—"Was," continued the priest, "the visit of a good messenger of God, since it spoke to you the long-wanted word of God—the word that first really awoke your will to that *conversio, that turning according to* Right, which so many changes of fortune and scene had not yet wrought."

As a story, even when true, is not complete unless it finishes in a wedding, I can only so far satisfy those readers who care to know the issue, that I believe there will be one before eighteen hundred and fifty-nine is out.

THE COUNCILMAN'S BALLAD.

"Councilman Bulteel was opposed to free hydrants. They were only nuisances, around which children of all the rag-tag and bob-tail gathered."—*Tribune Report of Common Council proceedings, June* 18, 1859.

"Councilman Bulteel denounced the measure of free hydrants as nuisances, and the measure was lost."—*Herald, June* 21, 1859.

"FREE hydrants will be nuisance,"
Cries aloud King Alcohol;
Who holds his feverish subjects
Under sensual bond and thrall
In his many thousand grog-shops,
From Manhattanville to Wall!

What! free hydrants for the people?—
Give them *water* while there's *rum*
Kept and sold by useful voters,
Manufact'ring city scum?—
Cheat the gin or lager cellars,
And the spirit-trade benumb?

True 'tis, nowhere in the city
Doth cool water freely run,
For aldermen swear by brandy
That elections may be won.
Keep free wells within the desert—
The metropolis wants none.

What, when summer suns are scorching,
Every laborer be athirst?
Was not Israel so at Marah
Ere the grateful fountain burst?
Let fanatics prate their nonsense
Of the souls by brandy cursed!

Your rag and bob-tail children
Let their fathers choose to send
To the counters gemmed with bottles,
Where the imps of Satan tend;
Who can give more jovial welcome
Than the children's drunken friend?

No! let Croton roll all darkly
In pipes 'neath paving-stones;
Let the *grog-shop* be respected
When the thirsting vagrant moans;
Let *him* drink the water freely
Who a household hydrant owns.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

CROP NEWS.

WE have rather good news of the wheat crop from Westmoreland County, Virginia. The wheat ear is said to be filling well, and would give good signs of an abundant harvest were it not for the attacks of insects. It is expected that there will at least be an average crop, as their ravages are confined to particular localities. The farmers are busy cutting wheat.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Inquirer*, who writes from Indianapolis, gives a glowing account of the crops, and says that the damage done by the frost on the 5th instant was very much exaggerated. From all that can be learned from all parts of the State the prospects of good crops are most encouraging. Corn is said to look remarkably well. This is also true of wheat, whose ears are full. The grain is well into the milk state; and there is every likelihood of an early harvest in Indiana. Fruit is expected to be at least an average crop.

Rats have been doing much injury in some places in the corn-fields of Illinois and elsewhere. The farmers attacked them with their dogs, and, to their great satisfaction, killed large numbers. Terriers, and especially (as sportsmen say) *good killers*, were in active demand. In Livingston County, on the farm of Dr. Ostrander, several wagonfuls of dead rats are said to have been taken from one field (we do not know how large a one), where arsenic was mixed with corn and scattered over it. Black squirrels do great injury sometimes in corn-fields. Last year, when corn was in the ear, we saw the French Canadians in the neighborhood of Chatham, Canada West, chasing the black squirrels in the corn-fields. As they made to the fences, over which they ran to the woods, they were met by persons who struck them with sticks, and their race being swift slight blows were sufficient to kill them, which gave the hunters an opportunity to sell their skins and eat their bodies.

We learn that in New Jersey whortleberries, which are often a source of large profit to persons interested in their growth, look fine and promise a large yield.

WEEDS.

W. B. writes:

"In all my row crops there is not a weed to be found, and simply because I attacked them in time. Between the rows I have kept the soil constantly disturbed, and I am satisfied that I not only got rid of the weeds, but that much of the plant-food they would have taken from the soil was appropriated by growing crops. Weeds are to be found almost every where. They are among the greatest pests of the farm, and I heartily wish that feelings of taste and enlightened agriculture would prompt farmers to practice *severe* culture, and rid the soil of them. My success is in no small degree due to the articles on this subject which appeared in the *Weekly Farmer*. They were written on the principle of severe culture and prompt action, and even *now* they may be read with profit. In these articles you speak of the SUBSOIL PLOW. What are the principal improvements made on this useful implement within the past few years?"

The first alteration or improvement was to lower its wing, so that a less amount of power would draw it, at the usual depth, through the soil, the person who altered its construction believing that if the particles could be moved the smallest possible distance apart the soil was as much benefited as if they traveled all around the globe before they again met. But may it not be possible that when the soil is elevated through a slight distance only, and it has but a small fall, there is less abrasion of its particles in proportion? If this is true, another question arises: Will the greater abrasion compensate for the extra amount of labor necessary to work a subsoil plow having an elevated wing? The next alteration was to make the sole, which was slightly elevated in the centre, of lozenge shape. The sole and standard were attached to the beam by bolts, so that the former might at any time be taken from the beam and turned around, placing the hindermost point foremost—it was claimed that while the front part was being dulled by the soil the other was being sharpened, for which reason this subsoil plow was called a *self-sharpener*. The standard in this case was usually one solid casting, but now the "soil lifter," or "lifting subsoil plow," is not made so, the sole being pointed at one end only.

TOBACCO.

IN our remarks on this subject last week we had to leave out a part for want of space.

Experiments show that the same seed, namely that known as the seed of the Seed Leaf Tobacco at Suffield, Connecticut, produces a result of different mercantile value in Florida, and, when grown on the eastern shore of Maryland, furnishes a light-colored *kite-foot-like* complexion of an entirely different flavor. When grown on the northern shore of Lake Erie it gives a small silky leaf capable of wrapping but two cigars. On the Island of St. Domingo the same seed gives that very large, fine-textured leaf known as the Porte au Platte. The same seed, in many of the German States, gives a tobacco in appearance very like Barraçoa, occasionally representing San Jago. Of this latter class millions of cigars are imported into the United States from Germany every year. A few years ago tobaccos could only be sold at high prices as cigar wrappers, when of a light color; but for the last fifteen years the fancy of smokers has gradually leaned toward the darker shades, and this gives rise to the use of a variety of kinds of seed in the United States. The first year from new seed produces a smaller crop than afterward.

STRAWBERRIES.

At a late meeting of the American Institute, New York, the committee who were appointed to report on the best six varieties of strawberries for *family use* gave the following:

1. WILSON'S ALBANY.—Its good qualities are: productiveness, size, flesh firm and juicy. Many persons consider it too acid.
2. LONGWORTH'S PROLIFIC.—Fine flavor, large, early, runs a good deal to leaf, and sometimes produces a moderate crop only.
3. HOOKER'S SEEDLING.—Sweet flavor, rich, good size, and productive.
4. M'AVOY'S SUPERIOR.—Fine flavor, large and productive, but the berries are sometimes of deformed shape.
5. HOVEY'S SEEDLING.—Although not of a very high flavor this berry is a general favorite.
6. BURR'S NEW PINE.—Medium size, fine flavor, moderately productive; plants hardy and vigorous.

We should now like to see a list for *field culture* that have all the desirable qualities for market.

WHEAT WEEVILS.

W. C. writes:

"Inclosed I send you some insects which I found among my wheat in the granary. Can you tell me any thing about them? I have never seen them on wheat in the field."

We have never known any person who has seen them on wheat in the field. They are the true wheat weevil, known as the *Curculio granarius* of Linnæus. A little salt, shaken through the grain at the time of housing it, is a good safe-guard against them.

A TYROLESE RIFLEMAN.

The accompanying illustration will enable our readers to carry about with them in their mind's eye a correct picture of that formidable personage of whom we are just now hearing so much—namely, the Rifleman of the Tyrol. At Montebello, it will be remembered, the disproportionate mortality among the French officers was ascribed to the wonderful skill of the Tyrolese riflemen who are serving in the Austrian army. They were equally terrible at Magenta.

These riflemen are recruited from the *jägers*, or chamois hunters of the Tyrol, and approach more nearly to the old Kentucky riflemen than any other body of men at the present day. They may almost be said to be born with rifles in their hands. From earliest youth the denizen of the Alpine range which divides Italy from Germany is trained to the use of the gun. His first glory is a successful shot; his highest aim in life is the rank of first-class sharp-shooter. Steadiness of hand, cool nerves, clear eye, and long endurance — these are the qualities most highly prized by the Tyrolese, and, as a general rule, in these respects they are unsurpassed.

When the present Emperor of Austria undertook to reorganize his army after the insurrectionary movements of 1848 he paid especial attention to raising a corps of first-class riflemen. The natural recruiting-ground for such a corps was the Tyrol, and to the Tyrol, accordingly, his recruiting officers were dispatched with orders to spare neither expense nor trouble in securing every good shot that could be found. The result of this policy, pursued perseveringly for a series of years, has been the organization of a *corps d'armée* composed almost exclusively of Tyrolese sharp-shooters, and numbering over 30,000 men. These are the men who are doing such damage to the French.

They are not armed with the Minié, or any similar weapon. They use an old-fashioned rifle, heavy in metal and small in bore, with a small round ball. Their range is, therefore, less than that of the French sharp-shooters, who are armed with the newly-invented weapons of death, and can "pot their man" at 1000 yards. But in actual warfare it is seldom necessary to fire at such great distances. Five hundred yards is a very long range when troops are engaged or preparing to engage, and at this distance the Tyrolese *jäger* can kill almost to a certainty.

A letter received in Marseilles from Valenza bears testimony to the admirable qualities of the Tyrolese riflemen. It is said that they harass the French videttes and outposts incessantly. Day and night, it is said, their shots are whistling thro' the air. The ground on the other side of the Po affords them good cover, and they are ever on the watch. The other day General Renault went out to reconnoitre, attended by his aid-decamp, and followed by a trumpeter a few paces behind. The General thought himself beyond range; but while he was looking about him a sharp "thug" was heard, and the poor trumpeter fell forward mortally wounded by a Tyrolese bullet in the loins.

The General, having discovered his error, withdrew, and gave up his reconnoissance for that day.

On another occasion, a soldier of the Ninetieth French regiment went down to the bank of the Po to wash out a few things. While engaged in this peaceful occupation a bullet struck him in the chest and he fell into the river, whose tide bore his body to the Austrian side of the Po—a bloody tribute to the murderous accuracy of their fire. "At every instant," says the letter, "wounded men are being brought in by the ambulances."

The following is the official proclamation calling these riflemen to come to the aid of the Emperor in his present sore distress. The blasphemy of the allusion to God will command general attention. We shall see whether the countrymen of Hofer will be foolish enough to risk their lives in a contest for a monarch who has never shown them any other mark of his affection than by taxing them.

"To my faithful Subjects of the Tyrol:

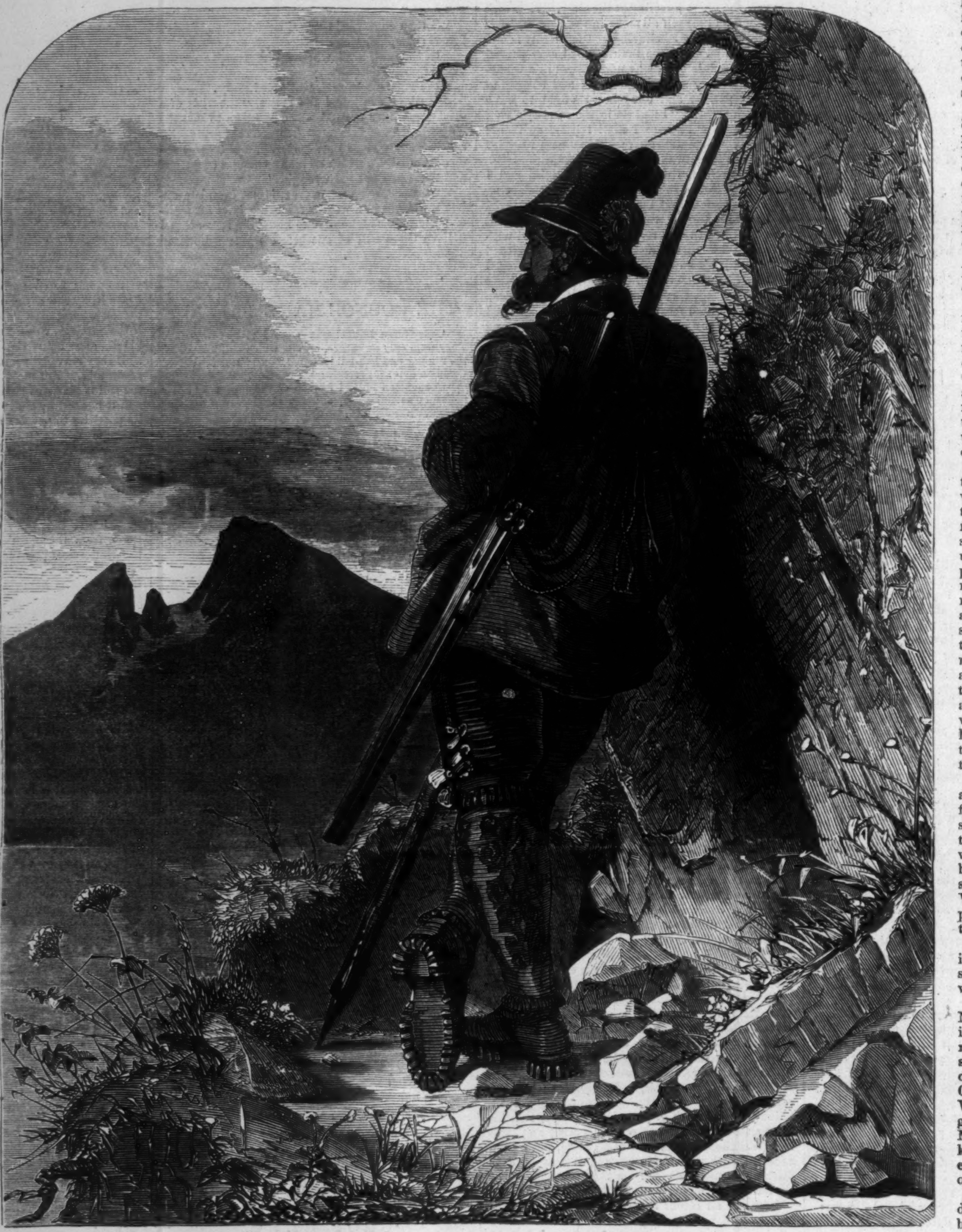
"I call you to arms. I summon you to show anew to your contemporaries and to posterity your fidelity, your bravery, your piety, your religious enthusiasm.

"I call you to defend the most righteous cause for which sword was ever drawn.

"Take in your practiced hands the whole arm of your country. Form yourselves into corps of riflemen, and march to the frontier to meet the enemy. Let your fidelity and your resolution serve as a rampart against the same enemy who has so often paid with his blood the invasion of your mountains.

"It is to you that I confide the task of defending the frontiers of my dear country of the Tyrol against the enemy, who has made himself the ally of revolt against the legitimate dominion established by God.

"If the enemy should menace them you will make him feel that on these frontiers is a people who will know how, like their brethren, to combat and conquer for God and the country.—Given at my head-quarters, at Verona, this 1st of June. Francis-Joseph."



A TYROLESE RIFLEMAN.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BONIFACE NEWT, SON, AND CO., DRY GOODS ON COMMISSION.

Abel Newt smoked a great many cigars to enable him to see his position clearly.

When he told his mother that he could not accompany her to the Springs because he was about entering his father's counting-room, it was not so much because he was enamored of business as that his future relations with Hope were entirely doubtful, and he did not wish to complicate them by exposing himself to the chances of Saratoga.

But what is man? By his own act he had apparently complicated them inextricably.

"Business, of course, is the only career in this country, my son," said Boniface Newt. "What men want, and women too, is money. What is this city of New York? A combination of men and machines for making money. Every body respects a rich man. They may laugh at him behind his back. They may sneer at his ignorance and awkwardness, and all that sort of thing, but they respect his money. Now there's old Jacob Van Boozenberg. I say to you in strict confidence, my son, that there was never a greater ass than that man. He absolutely knows nothing at all. When he dies he will be no more missed in this world than an old dead stage-horse who is made into a manure heap. He is coarse and vulgar and mean. His daughter Kate married his clerk, young Tom Witchet—not a cent, you know, but five hundred dollars salary. 'Twas against the old man's will, and he shut his door and his purse and his heart. He turned Witchet away; told his daughter that she might lie in the bed she had made for herself; told Witchet that he was a rotten young swindler, and that, as he had married his daughter for her money, he'd be d—d if he wouldn't be up with him, and deuce of a cent should they get from him. They live I don't know where, nor how. Some of her old friends send her money—actually give five-dollar bills to old Jacob Van Boozenberg's daughter, somewhere over by the North River. Every body knows it, you know; but, for all that, we have to make bows to old Van B. Don't we want accommodations? Look here, Abel; if Jacob were not worth a million of dollars he would be of less consequence than the old fellow who sells apples at the corner of his bank. But, as it is, he is a shrewd, sensible old fellow; rough in some of his ways—full of little prejudices—rather sharp; and as for Mrs. Tom Witchet, why, if girls will run away, and all that sort of thing, they must take the consequences, you know. Of course they must. Where should we be if every rich merchant's daughters were at the mercy of his clerks? I'm sorry for all this. It's sad, you know. It's positively melancholy. It troubles me. Ah, yes, where was I? Oh, I was saying that money is the respectable thing. And mark, Abel, if this were the Millennium, things would be very different. But it isn't the Millennium. It's give one and take two, if you can get it. That's what it is here; and let him who wants to, kick against the pricks."

Abel hung his legs over the arms of the office-chairs in the counting-room, and listened gravely to the paternal prolusions. It occurred to him that it was not at all necessary to reduce to words a principle whose practice he had witnessed all his life. But as the performance appeared to comfort his parent he did not resist. He even tossed the ball of discourse back again by saying:

"I don't suppose, Sir, that 'tis money *as* money that is worth having. It is only money as the representative of intelligence and refinement, of books, pictures, society—as a vast influence and means of charity; is it not, Sir?"

Upon which Mr. Abel Newt blew a prodigious cloud of smoke.

Mr. Boniface Newt responded, "Oh fiddle! that's all very fine. But my answer to that is Jacob Van Boozenberg."

To understand that answer, however, it was necessary to have seen the house and to have watched the daily life of that millionaire.

It is surely a grateful thing to reflect that he was of a species now extinct—that in his case money was the representative of mirrors and upholstery; of silver-plate, and gilding, and moulding; of a fine carriage and servants; of a front pew and large subscriptions to charities that published the names of the donors; and of enormous balls, to which all the men and a few brave women went, and laughed at him and his wife—of these things and of nothing else.

"What a nasty row and rumpus all this fighting for money is!" sighed Boniface Newt to his son Abel. "I wish I was rich, and I'd be out of it! Bless my soul! here comes Mr. Van Boozenberg! Abel, put your legs down! throw that cigar away!"

The great man came in. His clothes were snuffy and baggy — so was his face.

"Good mornin', Mr. Newt. Beautiful mornin'. I sez to ma this mornin', ma, sez I, I should like to go to the country to-day, sez I. Go 'long, pa! sez she. Werry well, sez I, I'll go 'long if you'll go too. Ma she laughed; she know'd I wasn't in earnest; she know'd 'twasn't only a joke."

Mr. Van Boozenberg drew out a large red bandana handkerchief, and blew his nose as if it had been a trumpet sounding a charge.

Messrs. Newt & Son smiled sympathetically. The junior partner observed, cheerfully,

"Yes, Sir."

The millionaire stared at the young man.

"Ma's going to Saratogy," remarked Mr. Van Boozenberg. "She said she wanted to go. Werry well, sez I, ma, go."

Messrs. Newt & Son smiled deferentially, and hoped Mrs. Van B. would enjoy herself.

"No, I ain't no fear of that," replied the millionaire.

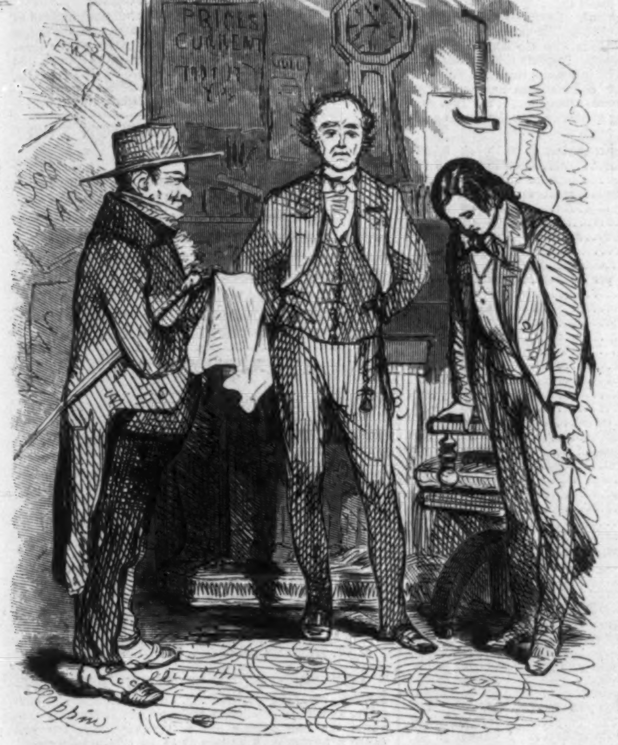
It occurred to Abel Newt that he meant to say that he had no fear she would not enjoy herself.

"Mr. Van Boozenberg," said Boniface Newt, half-hesitatingly, "you were very kind to undertake that little favor—I—I—"

"Oh! yes, I came in to say I done that as you wanted. It's all right."

"And, Mr. Van Boozenberg, I am pleased to introduce to you my son Abel, who has just entered the house."

Abel rose and bowed.



OUR NEW PARTNER.

"Have you been in the store?" asked the old gentleman.

"No, Sir, I've been at school."

"What! to school till now? Why, you must be twenty years old!" exclaimed Mr. Van Boozenberg in great surprise.

"Yes, Sir, in my twentieth year."

"Why, Mr. Newt," said Mr. Van B., with the air of a man who is in entire perplexity, "what on earth has your boy been doing at school until now?"

"It was his grandfather's will, Sir," replied Boniface Newt.

"Well, well, a great pity! a werry great pity! Ma wanted one of our boys to go to college. Ma, sez I, what on earth should Corlaer go to college for? To get learnin', pa, sez ma. To get learnin'! sez I. I'll get him learnin', sez I, down to the store. Werry well, sez ma. Werry well, sez I, and so 'twas; and I think I done a good thing by him."

Mr. Van Boozenberg talked at much greater length of his general intercourse with ma. Mr. Boniface Newt regarded him more and more as an ass.

But the familiar style of the old gentleman's conversation begot a corresponding familiarity upon the part of Mr. Newt. Mr. Van Boozenberg learned incidentally that Abel had never been in business before. He observed the fresh odor of cigars in the counting-room—he remarked the extreme elegance of Abel's attire, and the inferential tailor's bills. He learned that Mrs. Newt and the family were enjoying themselves at Saratoga. He derived from the conversation and his observation that there were very large family expenses to be met by Boniface Newt.

Meanwhile that gentleman had continually no other idea of his visitor than that he was an ass. He had confessed to Abel that the old man was shrewd. His shrewdness was a proverb. But he is a dull, ignorant, ungrammatical, and ridiculous old ass for all that, thought Boniface Newt; and the said ass sitting in Boniface Newt's counting-room, and amusing and fatiguing Messrs. Newt & Son with his sez I's, and sez shes, and his mas, and his done its, was quietly making up his mind that the house of Newt & Son had received no accession of capital or strength by the entrance of the elegant Abel into a share of its active management, and that some slight whispers which he had heard remotely affecting the standing of the house must be remembered.

It is a singular fact that your old hands at whist, however long the game may be, however much diversion there may be around the table, whatever even they themselves may drop in the way of joke or remark to some little girl or friendly lady, never for a solitary moment forget the game they are playing—never lose from mind the exact run of the cards—and never fail to know, so far as human fallibility may, precisely the cards in every player's hand. While bald-headed old Codger is thinking what a nincompoop old Bodger in the red wig is—which, abstractly, may be a reflection founded in the most perfect justice—red-wigged old Bodger has drawn bald-headed old Codger's best card, and, by consequence, transfers the gold eagle into his own pocket.

Jacob Van Boozenberg, after some further family narrations, after more flourishes of the bandana, and after nearly sawing asunder Mr. Abel Newt's youthful patience with his incessant sez hes and sez shes, said he believed he must be moving.

"A werry pretty store you have here, Mr. Newt. Find Pearl Street as good as Beaver?"

"Oh yes, Sir," replied Boniface Newt, bowing and rubbing his hands. "Call again, Sir, it's a rare pleasure to see you here, Mr. Van Boozenberg."

"Well, you know, ma, sez she, now pa you mustn't sit in draughts. It's so sort of draughty down town in your horrid offices, pa, sez she—sez ma, you know—that I'm awful 'fraid you'll catch your death, sez she, and I must mind ma, you know. Good mornin', Mr. Newt, a werry good mornin', Sir," said the old gentleman, as he stepped out.

"Do you have much of that sort of thing to undergo in business, father?" asked Abel, when Jacob Van Boozenberg had gone.

"My dear son," replied the older Mr. Newt, "the world is made up of asses, bores, and knaves. Some of them speak good grammar and use white cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, some do not. It's dreadful, I know, and I think sometimes that the world is really going to get on—that we are going to get into some sort of social condition where 't'll be safe to tell the truth occasionally, and not be driving donkeys with a chance of their presently driving you. But I give it up, I swear I give it up. Here's old Van Boozenberg, rich as Crœsus, with an immense reputation for sagacity and all that kind of thing. By Jupiter Ammon, he comes here as you see and positively drivels about his ma. If such men can get rich, I don't see why any fool can't."

Mr. Boniface Newt shook his foot pettishly.

"Father," said Abel.

"Well."

"Which is Uncle Lawrence, an ass, a bore, or a knave?"

Mr. Boniface Newt's foot stopped, and, after looking at his son for a few moments, he answered:

"Abel, your Uncle Lawrence is a singular man. He's a sort of exception to general rules. I don't understand him, and he doesn't help me to. When he was a boy he went to India and lived there several years. He came home once and staid a little while, and then went back again, although I believe he was rich. It was sort of mysterious, I never could quite understand it—though, of course, I believe there was some woman in it. Neither your mother nor I could ever find out much about it. By-and-by he came home again and has been in business here ever since. He's a bachelor, you know, and his business is different from mine, and he has queer friends and tastes, so that I don't often see him except when he comes to the house, and that isn't very often."

"He's rich, isn't he?" asked Abel.

"Yes, he's very rich, and that's the curious thing," answered his father, "and he gives away a great deal of money in what seems to me a very foolish way. He's a leading member of the great American Shade Society, for instance, the society that is trying to prevent the destruction and favor the planting of shade-trees in all the cities and villages of the country. Then he goes to that little church in Chambers Street, I think it is, that the Unitarians have built, and he is altogether full of all sorts of odd notions. I told him one day that I thought it was a wicked waste of money to put it into trees. 'Why,' said he, 'on your own principles you ought to allow that it would probably be better invested than in people. A man like you, brother Boniface,' said he, 'who believes that men are essentially scamps, must necessarily hold that all kinds of benevolent human enterprises are simply societies for the propagation of asses. No, no, let's encourage the trees, and, who knows, perhaps some day we may plant out the people on the globe.' That's the way he runs on. He's a kind of dreamer—an impracticable man. He pays lots of poor people's rents, and I try to show him that he is merely encouraging idleness and crime. But I can't make him see it. He declares that, if a sewing girl makes but two dollars a week and has a helpless mother and three small sisters to support besides rent and fuel and so on, it's not encouraging idleness to help her with the rent. I suppose it is hard sometimes with some of those people. But you've no right to go by particular cases in these matters. You ought to go by the general rule, as I constantly tell him. 'Yes,' says he, in that smiling way of his which does put me almost beside myself sometimes, 'yes, you shall go by the general rule and let people starve, and I'll go by particular cases and feed 'em.' Then it's so curious that he's so deuced rich, too. He's just as rich as if he were an old flint like Van Boozenberg. It is the funniest, foggiest sort of world. I swear I don't see into it at all—I give it all up. I only know one thing; that it's first in first win. And that's extremely sad, too, you know. Yes, very sad! Where was I? Ah, yes—that we are all dirty scoundrels."

Abel had relighted his cigar, after Mr. Van Boozenberg's departure, and filled the office with smoke until the atmosphere resembled the fog in which his father seemed to be floundering.

"Abel, merchants ought not to smoke cigars in their counting-rooms," said his father, in a half-pettish way.

"No, I suppose not," replied Abel, lightly, "they ought to smoke other people. But tell me, father, do you know nothing about the woman that you say was mixed up with Uncle Lawrence's affairs?"

"Nothing at all."

"Not even her name?"

"Not a syllable."

"Pathetic and mysterious," rejoined Abel; "a case of unhappy love, I suppose."

"If it is so," said Mr. Newt, "your uncle Lawrence is the happiest miserable man I ever knew."

"Well, there's a difference among men, you know, father. Some wear their miseries like an order in their button-holes. Some do as the Spartan boy did when the wolf bit him."

"How'd the Spartan boy do?" asked Mr. Newt.

"He covered it up, laughed, and dropped dead."

"Gracious!" said Mr. Boniface Newt.

"Or like Boccaccio's basil-pot," continued Abel, calmly; pouring forth smoke, while his befogged papa inquired,

"What on earth do you mean by Boccaccio's basil-pot?"

"Why, a girl's lover had his head cut off, and she put it in a flower-pot, and covered it up that way, and instead of laughing herself, set flowers to blooming over it."

"Goodness me, Abel, what are you talking about?"

"Of Love, the canker-worm, Sir," replied Abel, imperturbable, and emitting smoke.

It was evidently not the busy season in the Dry-goods Commission House of Boniface Newt & Son.

While the philosophic father and contemplating son thus sat speculating and smoking, Mr. Jacob Van Boozenberg had returned to the bank. He went into his little room and fell into conversation with several of his directors, who had called to look at the statement of the current condition of the bank, and to talk over frail commercial reputations. He did not mention to them any recent interview with ma, but when he went home to dinner he said:

"Ma, you'd better improve this werry pleasant weather and start for Saratogy as soon as you can. Mr. Boniface Newt tells me his wife and family is there, and you'll find them werry pleasant folks. I just want you to write me all about 'em. You see, ma, one of our directors to-day sez to me, after board, sez he, 'The Boniface Newts is a going it slap-dash up to Saratogy.' I laughed, and sez I, 'Why shouldn't they? but I don't believe they be,' sez I. Sez he, 'I'll bet you a new shawl for your wife they be,' sez he. Sez I, 'Done.' So you see ma, if so be they be, werry well. A new shawl for some folks, you know;—only just write me all about it."

Ma was not reluctant to depart at the earliest possible moment. Her son Corlaer, whose education had been intercepted by his father, was of opinion, when he heard that the Newts were at Saratoga, that his health imperatively required Congress water. But papa had other views.

"Corlaer, I wish you would make the acquaintance of young Mr. Newt. I done it today. He is a well-edicated young man; I shall ask him to dinner next Sunday. Don't be out of the way."

Jacob Van Boozenberg having dined, arose from the table, seated himself in a spacious easy-chair, and drawing forth the enormous red bandana, spread it over his head and face, and after a few muscular twitches, and a violent nodding of the head, which caused the drapery to fall off several times, finally propped the refractory head against the back of the chair, and bobbing and twitching no longer, dropped off into temporary oblivion.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"QUEEN AND HUNTRESS."

HOPE WAYNE leaned out of the window from which she had just scattered the fragments of the drawing Arthur Merlin had given her. The night was soft and calm, and trees, not far away, entirely vailed her from observation.

She thought how different this window was from that other one at home, also shaded by the trees; and what a different girl it was who looked from it. She recalled that romantic, musing, solitary girl of Pinewood, who lived alone with a silent, grave old nurse, and the quiet years that passed there like the shadows and sunlight over the lawn. She remembered the dark, handsome face that seemed to belong to the passionate poems that girl had read, and the wild dreams she had dreamed in the still, old garden. In the hush of the summer twilight she heard again the rich voice that seemed to that other girl of Pinewood sweeter than the music of the verses, and felt the penetrating glance that had thrilled the heart of that girl until her red cheek was pale.

How well for that girl that the lips which made the music had never whispered love. Because—because—

Hope raised herself from lightly leaning on the window-sill as the thought flashed in her mind, and stood erect, as if straightened by a sudden, sharp, almost insupportable pain—because, had they done so, that other romantic, solitary girl at Pinewood—dear child! Hope's heart trembled for her—might have confessed that she loved!

Hope Wayne clenched her hands, and, all alone in her dim room, flushed, and then turned pale, and a kind of cold splendor settled on her face, so that if Arthur Merlin could have seen her he would have called her Diana.

During the moment in which she thought these things, for it was scarcely more, the little white bits of paper floated and fell beneath her. She watched them as they disappeared, conscious of them, but not thinking of them. They looked like rose-leaves, they were so pure; and how silently they sank into the darkness below!

And if she had confessed she loved, thought Hope. Hope could not help it; her mind was full of that only, and her heart beat calmly under the pale splendor of her face—how would it be with that girl now? Might she not be standing in the twilight, watching her young hopes scattered like rose-leaves and disappearing in the dark?

She clasped her hands before her, and walked gently up and down the room. The full moon was rising, and the tender, tranquil light streamed through the trees into her chamber.

But, she thought, since she did not—since the young girl dreamed, perhaps only for a moment, perhaps so very vaguely, of what might have been—she has given nothing, she has lost nothing. There was a pleasant day which she remembers, far back in her childhood—oh! so pleasant! oh! so sunny, and flowery, and serene! A pleasant day, when something came that never comes—that never can come—but once.

She stopped by the window, and looked out to see if she could yet discover any signs of the scattered paper. She strained her eyes down toward the ground. But it was entirely dark there. All the light was above—all the light was peaceful and melancholy, from the moon.

She laid her face in that moonlight upon the window-sill, and covered it with her hands. The low wind shook the leaves, and the trees rustled softly as if they whispered to her. She heard them in her heart. She knew what they were saying. They sang to her of that other girl and her wishes, and struggles and prayers; and they recalled the lines that had sunk into the heart of that girl—the lines she had treasured in her perfumed secret cell—"And as you sit by the window shaded by the pine, listen to its rustling, and let its sad tone remind you sometimes of what might have been."

Then came the fierce, passionate, profuse weeping—the spring freshet of a woman's soul.

—She heard a low knock at the door. She remained perfectly silent. Another knock. Still she did not move.

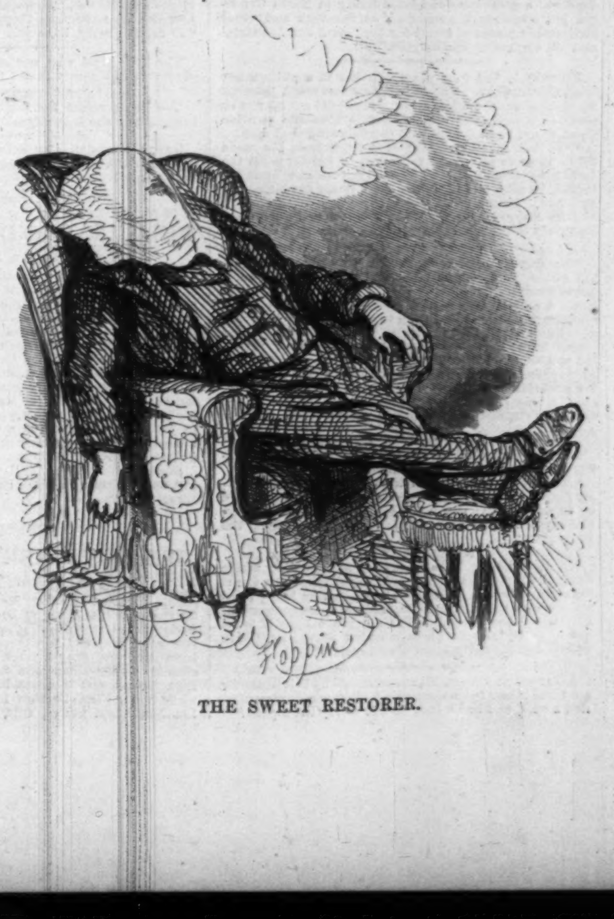
The door was tried.

Hope Wayne raised her head, but said nothing.

There was a louder knock, and the voice of Fanny Newt:

"Miss Wayne, are you asleep? Please let me in."

It was useless to resist longer. Hope Wayne opened the door, and Fanny Newt entered. Hope sat down with her back to the window.



THE SWEET RESTORER.

"I heard you come in," said Fanny, "and I did not hear you go out; so I knew you were still here. But I was afraid you would oversleep yourself, and miss the ball."

Hope replied that she had not been sleeping.

"Not sleeping, but sitting in the moonlight, all alone?" said Fanny. "How romantic!"

"Is it?"

"Yes, of course it is! Why, Mr. Dinks and I are romantic every evening. He *will* come and sit in the moonlight, and listen to the music. What an agreeable fellow he is!" And Fanny tried to see Hope's face, which was entirely hidden.

"He is my cousin, you know," replied Hope.

"Oh yes, we all know that; and a dangerous relationship it is, too," said Fanny.

"How, dangerous?"

"Why, cousins are such privileged people. They have all the intimacy of brothers, without the brotherly right of abusing us. In fact, a cousin is naturally half-way between a brother and a lover."

"Having neither brother nor lover," said Hope, quietly, "I stop half-way with the cousin."

Fanny laughed her cold little laugh. "And you mean to go on the other half, I suppose?" said she.

"Why do you suppose so?" asked Hope.

"It is generally understood, I believe," said Fanny, "that Mr. Alfred Dinks will soon lead to the hymeneal altar his beautiful and accomplished cousin Miss Hope Wayne. At least, for further information inquire of Mrs. Budlong Dinks." And Fanny laughed again.

"I was not aware of the honor that awaited me," replied Hope.

"Oh no! of course not. The family reasons, I suppose—"

"My mind is as much in the dark as my body," said Hope. "I really do not see the point of the joke."

"Still you don't seem very much surprised at it."

"Why should I be? I've not been very long at Saratoga, but I see that it is only necessary to plant a remark in the morning to reap a report in the evening. At ten o'clock in the morning ask in the Bowling Alley if your neighbor has observed that Edward has driven out Maria, and at ten in the evening your partner at the ball will tell you they are engaged."

"Capital. 'Tis just so. They've had me engaged to I don't know how many people. I suppose they'll doom Alfred Dinks to me next. You won't be jealous, will you?"

"No," said Hope, "I'll congratulate him."

Fanny Newt was wise, but simplicity is deeper than wisdom. She could not see Hope Wayne's face, and her voice betrayed nothing. Fanny, in fact, knew no more than when she came in.

"Good-by, dear, à ce soir!" said she, as she sailed out of the room.

Hope lingered for some time at the window. Then she rang for candles, and sat down to write a letter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A correspondent sends us the following curious advertisement and more curious information of the parties to it. He says: "I took down this advertisement twenty-one years ago this very day, and have kept it safely ever since.

"'$07 REWARD.

"'Straid or Stolen from the Subsrber on tuesday Evining last one Young boy either of an ordinary appuran with a Cloth and Janes pantiloons but either durty it may be posible that he tuck fits at the alarme of the Small pox if not he is on worse bisness Enny purson that will bring him safe to me shal have the above Reward.

"'June 8th, 1838.'

"The above is a literal copy of the notice now in my possession, with the exception of the name of the author, who is at this time one of the richest and most successful farmers in our county, and since '38 he has, at different times, occupied a seat as member of both Houses of our Legislature, and delegate to State Convention for the formation of a State Constitution.

"The 'durty' boy advertised is now one of the 'upper tendom,' a gentleman of leisure living in North Carolina, but spending his summers at Saratoga and other fashionable places of resort for the 'great and the rich,' and his winters at Washington."

Frankie is but four years old, but is a philosopher—all children are. The little fellow was much pestered by mosquitoes the other night. He could get no rest or sleep. Finally, after numerous vain attempts to drive them away, he broke out into the following soliloquy:

"Oh dear me! I wonder what mosquitoes are made for! They do plague me mightily! I wonder what the Lord made them for!" Then folding his hands upon his breast, he said, "O Lord, the mosquitoes are biting me real bad. Please don't make any more mosquitoes!" and he dropped asleep. What a lesson of faith to us! Verily out of the mouths of babes shall we learn wisdom.

"My grandfather was for some years a sheriff and justice in the 'land of blue laws,' and I have heard a number of amusing anecdotes from his experience. Here is one. A maiden lady of advanced years and exceedingly conscientious was called upon to give evidence in a case of 'assault and battery.' Betsy was duly sworn. 'Did you *see* Smith strike Johnson?' 'I believe I did.' 'Well, but you know whether you saw him?' 'I was standing just opposite, and I *believe* I saw Smith strike Johnson.' My grandfather thought he would try. 'Betsy,' said he, sternly, 'say right up and down whether you saw him or not.' 'Well, Squire C——, right up and down, I *believe I did!*'"

At a Bar supper in Milwaukie, Wisconsin, the following was among the regular toasts:

"The Court of Cupid: a tribunal before which lawyers' pleas always please; where every suit is commenced by an attachment; where the execution takes the body, and supplementary proceedings never fail to satisfy the judgment."

Mr. Colt having been successful in a motion where General Burnes was on the other side, asked the Court for costs. General B., who was irritated by being beaten, opposed this vehemently, and said, in conclusion, he "hoped the counsel would not prove himself to be one of those lawyers whose morning prayer is: 'Give us this day our daily bread—with costs!'"

A Plea for Second Marriages.—Why is it better for a man to marry twice than once?—Because, having married a wife, and had *a loss*, he will marry one *a-gain!*

TO LAURA.

Dear Laura! when you were a flirting young miss,
And I was your dutiful swain,
Your smiles could exalt to the summit of bliss,
Your frowns could o'erwhelm me with pain:
You were *dear* to me then, love, but now you're my wife,
It is strange the fond tie should be nearer;
For when I am paying your bills, on my life,
You seem to get *dearer and dearer!*

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the showman, "here you have the magnificent painting of Daniel in the Lion's Den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lion by the green cotton umbrella under his arm."

A Difficult Question.—How many *rods* will make one *wise-acre?*

We don't believe it.—Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and caught such a cold that she has yielded nothing but *ice creams* ever since.

Singular consequences of Filial Obedience.—"How old are you?" says Jones to Brown. "Twenty," replies Brown. "Twenty, and yet such a dwarf! Why don't you grow bigger?" "The fact is," Brown explains, "when I was ten years old, father patted me on the head, and said, '*Stop there*'—then he ran away, and has not returned since. So I didn't think it right in me to go on *growing without leave!*"

Coffee requires Sugar.—A certain official did not hesitate to avail himself of the advantages offered by his position. The master of a merchant vessel, having need of his good offices, sent in to him a bale of coffee. The servant placed it before his master. "What is this?" "A bale of coffee, of which Captain A. asks your acceptance." "Good," replied his master, "leave it here, and go and tell Captain A. that I never take my coffee without sugar." The Captain was not slow in dispatching some sugar to sweeten the coffee.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offense.

Although men are accused of not knowing their weakness, yet, perhaps, as few know their own strength.

IRRESISTIBLE.

She tied the new cravat
Which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hat,
And with her arms delayed me:
She brushed my "glossy hair,"
And said "it was *so* curly!"
While going down the stair
She cried, "Come home, *dear*, early!"

How happy then was I
With all I e'er desired;
I fortune could defy
While thus I was admired!
We parted at the door—
Her smile deserved a sonnet!
"Dear love!—but one thing more,
I want—*a new spring bonnet!*"

An Irish priest was traveling on a Friday from Enniskillen to Ballyshannon, at the latter of which the coach-passengers, only four in number, were to dine. At one end of the table was a joint of coarse fat pork, and at the other a large fine fried sole. His reverence helped himself at once to the latter, simply observing, "It is fast day with me, gentlemen," when instantly a great fellow with red whiskers reached across the table, and cutting the fish in two took half of it with the remark, "Bad luck to ye, do ye think nobody has a soul to be saved but yourself?"

A young city swell, while waiting for the train at York, went into a tavern and cast about for some amusement. Feeling secure in the possession of the most money, he made the following offer: "I will drop money into a hat with any man in the room. The man who holds out the longest shall take the whole and treat the company."—"I'll do it," said an old farmer. The cockney dropped in a shilling; the farmer followed with another. "Go on," said the cockney, dropping in another. "I won't," said the Yorkshireman; "take the whole and treat the company."

How to Live.—He who can not live well to-day will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.—*Martial.*

Superficial Knowledge.—He that sips of many arts drinks of none.—*Fuller.*

A Word to Husbands.—No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that she is so dressed.—*Johnson.*

THE NEW SALUTE.

"Survey mankind from Pekin to Peru,"
You'll surely find some form of "How d'ye do?"
And blest the land wherein the kindly fates
Have deigned but one, though 'twere but Dutch "Legatz,"
Or French "Bon jour," more courtly "Comment vous,"
Or stiff Hidalgo with its "Bueno dias."
But oh! this Yankee land beats all creation,
Since every day brings a new salutation.
The last is still the worst, for what is duller
Than friends to ask, "How does your meerschaum color?"
And this its answer, as they onward jog,
"It colors pretty, have you sold your dog?"

The individual who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his duty is still very low.

The moon seems the most unsteady of all celestial luminaries; she is continually shifting her quarters.

Gastronomical.—An epicure once asserted that two were required to make a meal of a chicken—himself and the chicken!

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Saturday, June* 25, 1859.

The imports of Dry Goods and General Merchandise at this port continue so large as to warrant some uneasiness, especially considering the condition of the Western country. Happily, the curtailment of the banks will save the commercial community from any general catastrophe growing out of over-importations.

The drain of specie to Europe has been checked for the present, and gold is accumulating here. The award of $5,000,000 of Treasury Notes, however, has imparted some activity to our Money Market, and rates are a shade higher than they were last week. The Government will probably get $2,500,000 in money, which will all be disbursed again in the course of a fortnight. Exchange is dull at previous quotations.

Stocks continue very dull. There is no outside buying, and the business of the Board is confined to the Wall Street jobbers.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Saturday, June* 25, 1859.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been very quiet for the principal kinds of Breadstuffs, which have been freely offered at reduced prices....Cotton has attracted less attention, and has favored buyers .... Provisions have been less sought after. Hog Products have declined. Other kinds have not varied much....Coffee, Rice, Sugars, and Molasses have been in better request, while Teas, Fish, Foreign Liquors, Fruit, Hides, Sole Leather, Naval Stores, Oils, Whisky, and Wool have been in less demand....Hay, Hops, Seeds, and Tobacco have been pretty freely inquired for at uniform rates....Metals have been lightly dealt in....The movements in Dry Goods have been limited. Really desirable styles, however, have been stiffly held. The week's imports of value of Foreign Dry Goods was $2,240,947, against $648,929 same week last year. Imports since January 1, $52,853,460, against $21,569,563 same time last year....The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes.....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Standard Super State Flour, per barrel	$5 75	@	$6 05
Extra State Flour	6 15	@	6 45
Superfine Western	5 80	@	6 10
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	6 50	@	8 00
Extra Missouri	6 65	@	10 00
Superfine Southern	6 85	@	7 30
Extra Southern	7 40	@	9 00
Superfine Rye Flour	4 00	@	4 20
Jersey Corn Meal	4 10	@	—
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 50	@	1 70
White Southern Wheat	1 65	@	1 90
Red Western Wheat	1 40	@	1 57½
Milwaukee Club	90	@	1 15
Chicago Spring	87½	@	1 05
New Yellow Corn	80	@	84
Rye	90	@	92
Barley	60	@	70
Western Oats	47	@	49
State Oats	45	@	47
Jersey and Pennsylvania Oats	42	@	45
Southern Oats	41	@	44
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¼	@	11½
New Mess Pork, per barrel	—	@	16 25
Prime Pork	—	@	13 25
Country Mess Beef	8 00	@	9 25
Hams, per pound	7¼	@	8½
Shoulders	6½	@	6¾
Lard	10¾	@	11½
Fair to Prime State Butter, new	14	@	19
Ohio Butter, new	12	@	16
Cheese, new	3	@	9
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 75	@	5 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@	12
New Orleans Sugar	5½	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	38	@	44
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	65
Oolong Teas	35	@	65
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	26½	@	27
Hops, Crop of 1858, per pound	10	@	16
Hay, Shipping lots, per 100 pounds	50	@	60
Tallow, per pound	10½	@	10¾
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 80	@	3 85
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	46½	@	47½
Tar, per barrel	2 00	@	2 50

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were quite heavy for Beeves, the available supply of which, though less extensive than that of the previous week, exceeded the requirements of buyers....The receipts of Milch Cows were also in excess of the demand, and prices tended downward. The receipts of Veal Calves for the week were 1069, generally large, in good condition. Prices unchanged. Sheep and Lambs, receipts for week, 8,841; the supply equal to the demand, except for good Spring Lambs, for which there was a good inquiry....Swine, receipts for week, 6212: demand slacking and prices declining. The total receipts at the City Markets during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *June* 15.	Week ending *June* 22.
Beeves	3,632	3,172
Milch Cows	217	246
Veal Calves	1,170	1,069
Sheep and Lambs	10,143	8,841
Swine	7,156	6,212

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Ordinary to 1st qlty Beeves, per pound	$ 7½	@	$ 11½
Fair to very good Milch Cows, per head	35 00	@	50 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00	@	6 50
" " per pound	4	@	8
Live Swine	6½	@	6¾
Dressed "	7¾	@	8½
Roasting Pigs, each	75	@	1 75

The Country Produce Markets have been very well supplied with new Fruit and Vegetables, the demand for which has been good....Stocks of Poultry and Game have been limited, yet the inquiry has been spiritless....Eggs have advanced slightly, but have not been in active request.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Strawberries, per 100 baskets	$1 50	@	$5 00
Cherries, per pound	3	@	9
Gooseberries, per bushel	1 75	@	3 00
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	12 50	@	15 00
Currants, per pound	2½	@	5
Whortleberries, per quart	12	@	15
Peaches, per bushel	1 50	@	9 00
Apples, per barrel	2 50	@	4 00
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 00	@	2 50
Potatoes, new, Southern	3 00	@	4 00
Onions	2 75	@	3 00
Onions, new, per 100 bunches	1 00	@	1 25
Turnips, per basket	1 00	@	1 25
Beets, per bushel	37	@	50
Beets, per dozen bunches	50	@	75
Carrots, per bushel	75	@	—
Carrots, new, per dozen bunches	31	@	43
Cabbage, new, per 100	4 50	@	9 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	5 00	@	6 00
Green Beans, per barrel	3 00	@	4 00
Green Peas, per bushel	—	@	50
Cucumbers, per 100	2 50	@	3 00
Tomatoes, per basket	1 75	@	2 75
Cauliflowers, per 100	7 50	@	25 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	50	@	75
Squashes, per basket	75	@	87
Rhubarb, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	5 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	16	@	18
Chickens, per pair	37	@	75
Geese, Spring, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	11	@	15
Ducks, per pair	75	@	1 25
Pigeons, per dozen	1 37	@	1 87
Wild Pigeons	1 25	@	1 75

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'Twas thus, with an enthusiast's voice,
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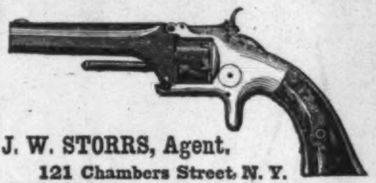

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